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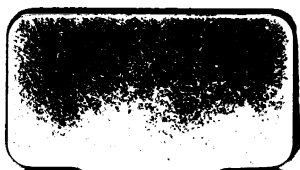
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MEMOIRS
OF
MISS SARAH BROSTER,
OF
CHESTER.

Recd BY THE
REV. P. C. TURNER.

LONDON :
W. F. CALDER, 180, OXFORD STREET,
AND SOLD BY
JOHN MASON, 14, CITY-ROAD, AND 66, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1839.

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PREFACE.

THE Editor regrets that the following Memoir is not all that it might have been, if he could have given more time to the compilation of it. He has endeavoured so to arrange Miss Broster's papers as to make her, her own Biographer, and he will feel repaid for the attention which he has given to this work, if those who read, shall glorify God in her.—He yielded to the wishes of his friends in undertaking what he fears is very imperfectly performed, and commits the whole to their indulgence and the blessing of Almighty God.

Devonport,

November, 20th, 1838.



MEMOIR
OF
MISS SARAH BROSTER.

"When we find any excellent persons in our world attain far and high towards the perfection of the heavenly state, it ought to be a great encouragement to us, and is an obligation to aspire to some like pitch:—we see it is not an impossible or an impracticable thing; and should disdain to crawl now as worms, when we are to soar as angels.

"The spirits of the just on earth, are in a great propinquity, and have a near alliance to Heaven. They have in them here the first principles, the elements of their final blessedness,—heaven in little, as the acorn contains the tree, or the embryo the man."

Howe.

MISS SARAH BROSTER was born in the city of Chester, in the year 1770. She was the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Alderman Peter Broster, who, with his lady and family, was a regu-

B

lar attendant at the services of the established church. They were both persons of high moral character, and according to the estimate of their friends in that day, more than ordinarily religious. They evidently had much of the fear of God, and gave evidence of it by their conscientious regard to the worship of the sanctuary; during the latter part of their lives they were generally present at the week-day services at the cathedral. They were, however, ignorant of the great doctrine of justification by faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; or, if there were some faint glimmerings of this light, it was nearly obscured by the errors which were received along with it. It was the season of great spiritual darkness in our land; only here and there was there a faithful Gospel ministry within the walls of the episcopal church, and though the great truths necessary to salvation were generally taught by dissenting ministers, there was but little of Christian vigour in their churches, which in many cases were in a state too nearly allied to Laodicean lukewarmness. Wesley and Whitfield were going through the land, the special messengers of heaven, to sound an alarm in Zion, and

mighty and glorious effects began already to appear. The first feeling of many who heard them, and of more, perhaps, who only heard *of* them, was that of anger at the men who had broken the deathly repose, and were calling upon all men everywhere to repent. Many who did not persecute, nor despise them as visionary and fanatical, seemed to regard them as acting too irregularly and uncanonically to be countenanced by the orthodox in practice as well as creed; and not a few of these—in many respects truly estimable—failed to receive all the advantage which they might have reaped by this special gift to the church. While we unfeignedly regret the fact, that prejudice deprived them of this merciful illumination, it would be wrong to overlook the disadvantages by which they were surrounded, and the real excellences of those whose reverent attention upon religious worship, and scrupulous circumspection of conduct prove, at least, that their heart was truly, though ignorantly, seeking after God. And surely the retrospect of those days would impress upon us the important admonition of our Lord, to “*walk while we have light,*” lest

our superior privileges cause our heavier condemnation.

In some of Mr. Wesley's earlier visits to the city of Chester, he had to encounter the opposition of the ignorant and profane. On Friday, July 3rd, 1752, he writes, "I was saying in the morning, to Mr. Parker, 'Considering the good which has been done there already, I wonder the people of Chester are so quiet.' He answered, 'You must not expect they will be so always.' Accordingly, one of the first things I heard, after I came into the town was, that for two nights before, the mob had been employed in pulling down the house where I had preached. I asked, 'Were there no magistrates in the city?' Several answered me, 'We went to the mayor after the first riot, and desired a warrant to bring the rioters before him; but he positively refused to grant any, or to take any informations about it.' So, being undisturbed, they assembled again the next night, and finished their work.

"Sunday, 5th.—I went afterwards to St. Martin's church, which stands close to the place. The gentleman who officiated seemed to be extremely moved at several passages of

the second lesson, Luke xvii. He concluded his sermon nearly thus:—"I am sorry any such outrage should be committed, particularly in this parish, where I have been teaching so many years. And to how little purpose! I will remove, as soon as possibly I can, from a place where I can do so little good. O what an account have they to make, who have either occasioned or encouraged these proceedings! May God grant that they may repent in time! That they may know what spirit they are of! That they may, before it is too late, acknowledge and love the truth as it is in Jesus!"

On Tuesday, the 27th of March, of the following year, Mr. Wesley writes:—"We rode to Chester, where we found the scene quite changed since I was here before. There is no talk of pulling down houses. The present mayor, being a man of courage as well as honesty, will suffer no riot of any kind, so that there is peace through all the city.

"Wednesday, 28.—The house was full of serious hearers at five. In the evening some gay young men made a little disturbance, and a large mob was gathered about the door; but in a short time, they dispersed of them-

selves. However, we thought it best to acquaint the mayor with what had passed; on which he ordered the city-crier to go down the next evening, and proclaim that all riots should be severely punished; and promised if need were, to come down himself, and read the act of parliament. But it needed not; after his mind was known, none was so hardy as to make a disturbance."

One of these gay young men was brother to the late Sir Richard Perrin, Knight, one of the barons of the exchequer. The mayor sent three constables to bring the young gentlemen before him; when they appeared they had each a large oaken stick in their hands. The mayor said to them, 'You will have no need for those weapons in the place where I am going to send you, therefore, lay them down on this table.' They then asked the mayor, where he meant to send them? He answered, 'To the house of correction, unless you can get some respectable person to engage for your future good behaviour. They then sent out, and procured a proper person, who promised for their future good conduct, and they were discharged; but the mayor

detained their weapons. This support of the methodists gave offence to some of the clergy, and also much to the relations of the three young gentlemen.

The Mayor, of whom this honourable testimony is given, was Miss Broster's grandfather, who, by his firmness, put an end to open persecution in the city. His son, Mr. Peter Broster, (the father of Miss B.,) succeeded him in the mayoralty, in the year 1794.

Mr. Broster's family were brought up under careful moral discipline, and were taught to regard "the church," and its sacraments, as being almost exclusively necessary to salvation. Miss B. trod in the steps of her parents, and would have been shocked at the probability of departing from them. Neither her parents nor herself saw any evil in the fashionable amusements of the world, and she appears to have pursued them with eagerness. During these days of youthful frivolity and apparent thoughtlessness, she was not without very serious impressions. In her reference to this period of her life, she afterwards wrote, "The first I can recollect of a gracious impression upon my mind, was whilst reading a work of

Mrs. Rowe's. I thought, what a blessing it would have been to me, if I could have been her servant, for then I might have imbibed her sentiments, and partaken of the religion which she enjoyed. My writing-master was a methodist, and had singing and prayer with his pupils. I joined in these exercises with much feeling and pleasure. I was confirmed by Bishop Porteus, who laid his *right* hand—which I had often superstitiously desired—upon my head. I felt then the operation of the Spirit of God, creating an ardent desire that I might devote myself to His service, and, from that time, lead a new life. I was surprised and disgusted with the frivolity and inattention of those around me." These good impressions were greatly weakened through want of knowledge of the plan of salvation, and association with the worldly; and she made a sort of rule not to think on any subject that would depress her spirits, which were naturally exceedingly buoyant. She did not allow herself to doubt but that if she went to church and sacrament, and did as she would be done unto, she should be saved. Her natural amiability seems to have been a snare to her, and to have strength-

ened her delusive hope of salvation. Her father and sister were afflicted, and she was a most vigilant attendant upon them; she most affectionately ministered to their necessities, and soothed them by her sprightly conversation. Were not all these kind feelings and services, with the absence of an evil wish to any human being, reasons why she might calculate on going to heaven? There was, too, so regular an attendance upon divine worship, and so much, when she compared herself with others, that was flattering to her self-esteem, that there seemed no great presumption in *her* expecting the Judge to say, "Well done!" Could a heart, already so good, need any radical change? and would not the merits of Christ *make up* for what was defective? Thus for many years did she go about to establish her own righteousness, and build her everlasting hopes on the sand. A circumstance, somewhat singular in its details, happened soon after she had attained her fortieth year, and was one of a train which conduced to her receiving more just and scriptural views of herself, and the covenant of God's mercy. About the time at which the following circumstance transpired,

the late lamented Rev. T. Spencer, of Liverpool, who was soon afterwards drowned while bathing in the Mersey, delivered an oration at the funeral of the Rev. Mr. White, of Chester. Miss B. attended the ceremony, and I find this memorandum in her pocket book, opposite a memoir of that interesting young minister; "An Oration over the grave of the Rev. Mr. White, at Chester, by Mr. Spencer, was made instrumental in determining S. B. to choose God for her portion." Miss H. More about this time published her excellent work, entitled "Practical Piety," which had an important share in the instrumental agency, through which this great change was wrought. The circumstance above referred to, is thus recorded by Miss Broster.

"My father was ill, and having taken my sister into the country, I was obliged to leave her and return to nurse him. Stopping at Tarporley to refresh the horses, the postilion came to ask me, would I allow a lady to ride in the carriage with me to Chester? I inquired, did he know her? finding he did not, I objected to admit a stranger; he came again, and said he never saw any body so anxious, there

being no stage-coaches passing through the town; he knew the person at whose house she was; and remembering these words, 'Do as you would be done by,' I told him she might come. Just seeing her figure by the light from the inn, I thought she was a quaker, and having heard that they were an intelligent people, I was glad that I had admitted her; she just said she was exceedingly obliged to me, as it was a matter of the greatest importance to her to be in Chester that night, and then she began to sing a hymn; I felt much disappointment, suspecting she was a methodist. When she ceased, I said, 'It is getting dark;' she replied, 'Are you afraid of travelling in the dark?' I answered, 'No.' 'Neither am I,' said she, and began to sing again; as I could not hear the words, I thought I had better lead her into conversation, so I made some observation on the beauty of the stars, and as I foresaw, she directly began to preach; when she made a pause, I said, I hoped she would excuse me, but was she not a methodist? she said she was: I then asked, would she have any objection to tell me what they meant by experience? 'Not at all,' she replied, and so she told me

her own; afterwards she was silent for a time, and then said, 'You have asked me many questions about *my* religion, you must now allow me to ask some about *yours*;' I told her I felt much at a loss to know how to answer, as it was the first time I had ever been so called upon, but as far as I knew it myself, I would honestly tell her. I believed I had led a very moral life, had constantly attended church and sacrament, and endeavoured to fulfil my duties to my family; that I was conscious that I had done the things that I ought not, and left undone the things that I ought to have done, but as I had not been guilty of any great crimes, I hoped the Lord would forgive me for the sake of Christ. After a while, she said, 'Well, it is rather more than I expected, but it is not enough.'—'Do you think so?' she replied, 'I do; it may afford you a sort of false peace now, but it is not such a religion as will give you real peace at the hour of death, or safety at the day of judgment;' and from the word of God she explained to me *why*; I was surprised, and convinced that what she said was true, and wished much to know who she was, but somehow could not take the liberty to ask her.

I felt respect and gratitude towards her ; I was greatly surprised to find that we had entered the city, the time had passed so quickly, though we had only conversed on one subject. I then inquired where I should set her down. ' Where you are,' said she. When we stopped, she desired to know what she should pay me : I told her, nothing, for her conversation had been very pleasing, and I hoped, profitable to me. She took hold of my hand, pressed it, and said, with much solemnity, ' Farewell, I am exceedingly obliged to you : may the Lord bless you ! We never have seen each other's face, and most likely never shall, till the day of judgment ; but I shall not fail to pray for you.' "

" This, I believe, she did ; and it would have afforded me much pleasure if I could have discovered who she was, that I might have told her of the mercy and goodness of God to his unworthy handmaid, who was so led by his Spirit, as to find redemption in the blood of the Lamb, even the forgiveness of all her sins ! Blessed be his name ! "

Another circumstance, of great importance in the formation of Miss B.'s religious cha-

racter, most providentially happened a short time before the one just narrated.

H. Bowers, Esq., a member of the corporation, and an alderman of the city, was brought to the knowledge of the truth: he became a member of the methodist society, and soon afterwards a zealous and useful local preacher. This fact, as may be supposed, created some excitement. His lady, also, became as decided as himself, and, like him, adorned the doctrine of God our Saviour. Miss Broster had been bridemaide to Mrs. Bowers a short time before, and was still a beloved and confidential friend. It must be supposed that this strange conversion excited inquiry in Miss Broster's mind, and Mrs. Bowers did not fail to endeavour to be useful to her friend, who began sincerely to inquire after truth. Miss Broster now attended the various churches and chapels in the city, as a diligent and willing disciple; the place of her more frequent resort, however, was, with her valued friend, at the Octagon, which, at that time, was occupied by the Wesleyan methodists, and where she heard those truths powerfully delivered, which were appropriate to her state. She had frequent

personal interviews with Mr. and Mrs. Bowers, and the short intervals between their visits were broken by an interchange of notes and letters. Mrs. B.'s conversation and prayers were signally useful to Miss Broster, who grew in knowledge, and sought earnestly redemption in Christ Jesus, the forgiveness of her sins. Some of the friendly effusions which passed between them were preserved by Mrs. Bowers ; and as they show the vivacity of Miss Broster's mind, and her gradual increase in the knowledge of divine things, I transcribe them here.

“ MY DEAR MRS. BOWERS,

“To prove that good advice is not always thrown away on me, I send you J. M.'s two shillings, and beg you will give it to the poor woman you mentioned, who lives by *faith*—a blessed and happy state ; and however wretched may be her outward appearance, most enviable, indeed, must be the feelings of her mind. I hope you like the book ; and if you have not quite finished it, do not hurry yourself, but keep it another day or two : but do not let it prevent you taking a walk whilst the weather

is fair. If you are teased and tormented with these frequent *notes*, remember you have no one to blame but yourself, for you freely offered to aid and assist me in searching for the *pearl of great price*; and though I am conscious of great failings and strong prejudices, yet notwithstanding all this, if you had not, in your letter, assured me that you did not want to make me a *methodist*, I truly do not know how this affair might have ended.

“ May the Almighty bless you and yours,
prays your affectionate friend,

“ S. B.”

“ I am sorry, my dear Mrs. Bowers, to be obliged to make a complaint against your husband; when I told him in the chapel last night—I dare say with a very grievous countenance—that I was afraid he had done me more *harm* than *good*, he declared he was very glad of it, and hoped he had aroused me. And did you remark, the night before, he wished I might not sleep a minute; but though the *prayer* of the righteous availeth much, yet so did not his *wish*, for I really should have had a pretty good night, if I had not been

called up at two o'clock to this poor suffering father of mine : but I got another nap after : this, I think, a *good* sign ; but I should not be much surprised if he called it a *bad* one.

“ But little did he think, when he so fervently wished that I might fall on my knees, &c., that, by the grace of God, I had frequently done it, and with, I hope, a truly contrite heart, with tears of sorrow and repentance, implored from that Almighty Being, who taketh away the sins of the world, pardon and mercy for all my past sins, an entire change of heart, and the grace of his Holy Spirit to be the guide and comfort of my future life ; and this in imperfect words, springing from an imperfect heart : and I should have told him so at the time, had I not felt as if it would not be right to mention it ; but to *you*, who would have probed the wound with a more gentle hand, my heart should be entirely open, and though, as Mr. B. says, deceitful above all things, yet certainly not so in this case, nor when I say I am your sincere friend,

“ S. B.”

“P.S. Thursday Morning.—Upon second thoughts, I fear I have not appealed to an impartial judge: perhaps I had better, out of Christian charity, try to forgive him, as I doubt not he is truly *sorry* for his fault.”

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“I wished very much to have a little more talk with you on the subject you mentioned last night. I was most truly thankful to the Almighty, that he had listened to the prayers of his servants, and in his own good time granted their requests. We have, each day of our lives, reason to praise him for his goodness, and to lament our own unworthiness. May you and I become new creatures in his sight; may he assist us to devote ourselves to his service, and enable us to redeem the time, so that we may be meet to be partakers of his heavenly kingdom. What a blessed state! to be ever present with the Lord, to know each other, and pass a whole eternity in praising him, and acknowledging the wonders he has done for the children of men. The work of redemption is so amazing, that we finite creatures cannot comprehend

the unbounded love of our Saviour, which could induce him so to suffer, and so to die, that *we* might be saved from eternal misery. But, blessed be God, we *know* that it is so, and can but wonder and adore.

“ Is it *very wrong*, if you hear any set of people, as you suppose, falsely accused, to give the *retort courteous* ? If it is, I have committed that error to-day ; and, to say the truth, it was not *very* courteous.

“ Ever yours most truly,

“ S. B.”

“ *Thursday, Five o'clock.*”

Mrs. Bowers had a far higher motive than that of making Miss Broster a methodist ; yet, as she gave a decided preference to the doctrines and ministry of methodism, Mrs. B. felt that it was no attempt at proselytism, to recommend her union with that section of the church, which she *deliberately preferred*. From her own happy experience, Mrs. B. knew the advantages which were derived from communion with the people of God, and she was laudably desirous that her friend should enjoy this blessedness as well as herself. She

gently intimated this in a note, and Mr. Bowers had, it seems, playfully spoken to her on the subject. The sprightliness of these friendly, off-hand communications was characteristic of Miss Broster, and continued to be so to her latter days, in beautiful and chastened combination with the graces of Christianity. There was, when it was my privilege to know her, in the latter years of her life, a delightful vivacity in her conversation, harmonizing, however, with the most solemn truths of our creed, and with her consciousness of the presence of God. I cannot forget with what pleasure I have listened to her conversation, in company with her friends, whose attention and delight have been excited by her interesting anecdotes, and judicious observations, in the way of improvement.

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

“ Though I had all day been wishing for a letter from you, yet when it came, I almost feared to open it, guessing what would be the purport of it, from what you said at Mrs. J.’s that night. Could you have patience with me, if I did not immediately comply with your

advice? I recollect that your favourite Mr. B. once said, 'God forbid I should think that no one could be saved out of our own society ; far from it, but if you will come amongst us, we will endeavour to do you good.' Now the latter part, I *know* to be true ; and so would I most willingly believe the former. I have argued the matter over frequently in my own mind, but so much is to be said on both sides, that I cannot put it in a letter ; at all events, give me a *little time*, just to see what progress I shall make in this new school, that I mentioned to you ; and if I find that, notwithstanding the *power and goodness* of the MASTER, some further aid is necessary, I hope I shall have the *grace and courage* to apply for it.

"And now, my dear Mr. B., judge me as favourably as you can, in true Christian charity. If what I have said should excite your displeasure, I should be most truly grieved and unhappy. You will allow that it is a subject that requires some *deliberation*—a step not lightly to be taken, but on the *conviction* of its being absolutely necessary to enable us to obtain eternal happiness." Do not yet give me

up as incorrigible, for hitherto, your labour has not been in vain. And I am, most assuredly,

“Your sincere and grateful friend,

“S. B.”

“*Thursday night.*”

Miss B. was the subject of some trial from without, in consequence of the change which was apparent in her feelings and pursuits. It was not likely that a circle of friends, of whom she had been one of the most lively, would willingly lose such a companion; and though she saved herself much trouble by her firmness and decision, she did not escape without some painful feeling. Some snares were laid for her, to entrap her in the amusements which she had previously delighted in, but, by the mercy of God, she escaped. She was an admirable example to all who are commencing a Christian course. When once convinced of what was her duty, the consequence of complying seemed scarcely to enter into her calculations, or if it did, served only to strengthen her purpose, and, as she girded herself for the conflict, to seek more earnestly

for grace to be faithful. It is scarcely possible to conceive of a more straightforward path than that in which she walked. She did, perhaps, require more evidence of what her duty was, than some others do; but, this being clearly ascertained, she seemed dauntless.

The following letter describes one of the efforts of her worldly friends, referred to above:—

To Mrs. Bowers.

“THANK you, a thousand times, my very dear friend, for all your kindness to me; and particularly in this instance, that you should do me the justice to believe, that, whatever conversations I have had with you, on the subject of religion, have not been words of course, but the real sentiments of my heart.

“I had no idea that there was to be a card-party, as I was only invited the night before, and quite in a free way. But I did not *play at cards*, or amuse myself by seeing others play, for I was enabled to withstand all their persuasions, all their ridicule, and all their arguments: and I fought them pretty

well, with their own weapons. I did not spare them, believe me: sometimes they would quit the field, just to regain a little strength, and then return to the charge; but I happened to have an answer ready for them, and at last they gave it up, declaring that they should expect every day to hear that I myself was going to preach; but begged that I would not attempt it till the new chapel was finished, and not endanger so many lives in the old one: so if this was a preconcerted scheme, they were completely foiled.

“Continue to think favourably of me, my dear Mrs. B., till I give you some undoubted proofs of my insincerity or inconsistency, such as should induce you to believe me unworthy your regard. I think it impossible that this should ever happen, knowing in *whom* I trust; may He, in his mercy and goodness, strengthen and support us both, and enable us to choose that better part, which shall not be taken from us.

“Yours, most sincerely, “S. B.”

I am compelled to pass over the history of this part of Miss B.'s life without further

notice, and introduce her, under circumstances, and the subject of feelings, still more interesting. She was an *earnest* seeker of salvation, and, therefore, did not seek in vain. Alas, for multitudes who are only "not far from the kingdom of God," and who, though blessed with the word and ordinances so eminently adapted to help them, yet enter not in, and seem too, to wonder *why* they do not. A solution of this difficulty may be found in a reference to the manner in which the blessing is sought. Is it a subject for wonder, that such a blessing is not bestowed in answer to the *faint* and *brief* petitions presented in the closet,—and these exercises *unfrequent*, as well as languid; while the interval, is, perhaps, spent in levity, or worldly conversation? Multitudes, who regret that they have not the Holy Spirit's witness to their pardon, should be told, that it is not sought with earnestness at all correspondent to the immense importance of the blessing, and the deep necessities of the soul; that there is no *royal* road to the possession of it, and that if they will enter in at the straight gate, they must *strive* as well as others.

Miss Broster has left the following interest-

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ing account of this important era of her religious history :—

The *16th of March*, 1812, was to me the most momentous and memorable day of my life, for until then I had lived forty-two years without a knowledge of salvation by the remission of my sins. I had depended for acceptance with God, not upon what Christ had done for sinners, but upon a moral life ; fulfilling relative duties, attending church and sacrament, and what I thought doing no harm ; but, I neglected a diligent search of the Scriptures, to enable me to comprehend by the teaching of the Spirit of God, “ What I must do to be saved.” Nevertheless, God, for Christ’s sake, showed me much mercy, and providentially led me to hear the Methodists ; I soon became convinced that, if what they said was true, my soul was yet in an unconverted state, and, therefore, in danger of being banished from the presence of God for ever. I was in hopes that this view of the subject belonged exclusively to this people, but thought it a matter of too great importance to be left to conjecture ; so I sought with much anxiety for books

written by those of my own church, and the Lord in mercy, led me to such as deepened my convictions of this awful truth, that by nature and practice, I was a sinner, and not having come to Christ *as such*, I had no interest in the atonement.

Reading Mrs. H. More's "Practical Piety," wherein she stated, how much more pleasing it would be to God if we were to devote ourselves entirely to his service, in the time of health and prosperity, instead of being driven to it by sickness, or adversity; and fearing to lose present opportunity, I, mentally—as other persons were in the parlour—lifted up my heart to that God who discerneth the thoughts, and solemnly promised that, with His help, without which I felt I could do nothing, I would, from that moment, make it the one business of my future life, to serve and please him. All praise be unto His name! for he heard, and did help me. From this day, I searched the Scriptures daily, with much prayer; my desires after pardon, and the graces of his Spirit, exceedingly increased; I found that I could know no peace, till I had peace with God, through a crucified Saviour; with a penitent

and broken heart, with many tears of contrition, I had been pleading the merits of the Saviour's death for a considerable time, and was almost tempted to give up all hope, when opening the Bible, I read these words, "Ask and ye shall have, seek and ye shall find." I was encouraged, my faith strengthened, I then retired, but not to rest,—I continued my prayer to a God of power, mercy, and, love, till about three o'clock, when the Lord pitied me, and gave me to feel the cheering, renovating, hallowing influence of the Holy Spirit—the fulfilment of the promise of Christ to the penitent, seeking soul; I knew assuredly, that I had passed from death unto life; my prayer and sorrow were changed into a song of joy,

"No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, and all in him, are mine."

And now my cry is, What shall I render unto
Thee? What would'st Thou have me to do?

"Take my body, spirit, soul,
Only thou possess the whole."

Amen, Lord Jesus, I know if I am faithful to

the grace given, that thou wilt never leave, never forsake me, but wilt lead thy happy, thankful, dependant child, safely through this wilderness of dangers ; and, at last, receive me to thy paradise above, there to sing thy praises, and declare the wonders of redeeming love, for ever, and ever. So be it, to thy praise and glory!

“SARAH BROSTER.”

A new era now commenced in Miss B.'s religious history. Her spirit had repose in the consciousness of the Divine favour; the peace of God, kept her heart and mind by Christ Jesus. She felt, however, that this was rather the starting-place than the goal; and, keeping the prize in view, she vigorously ran the race set before her. It is to be attributed to this fact, that she uniformly preserved so satisfactory a sense of the pardon of sin; the joy of the Lord was her strength, and by using it she obtained renewed supplies. Opportunities for observing the evils of a contrary course, are of too frequent occurrence; the doubt and perplexity which characterize the experience of many professors, are but the consequence of

resting in the possession of what has been received, and not using it for the purpose of obtaining "more grace." The knowledge of the love of God can be communicated only by the Holy Spirit, and this is bestowed in the use of the appointed means. Vain will be the attempt to ascertain our state by referring to former days; they will present many reasons for thanksgiving, and for encouraging ourselves in the Lord, but the comfort of this great salvation—as the manna in the desert—must be renewed day by day. The sweetness can be known only in the enjoyment of it; and the adversary may, most successfully, tempt us that former joys were a delusion,—the effect of other influence, rather than that of the Comforter,—unless we eat continually of that spiritual bread, and drink of that spiritual Rock. A worse effect than that of doubt, has sometimes resulted from this course—an *unholy confidence*, faith in the *state*, instead of the great atonement; and the sad caricature of Christianity has been given in the profession of faith, while it has been unattended by the "meekness and gentleness," the humility and brotherly kindness, which are the constant

effects of "faith in Christ Jesus." Miss Broster's progress will be detailed chiefly in her own words. The following are notes to her esteemed friend Mrs. Bowers.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I thank you for your kind and welcome note; your servant will give you an account of the health of my body, but to you is due some particular account of the state of my soul during this short affliction, which has been but for a moment.

"On Saturday night, had I not providentially applied the blister, I really think I must have been suffocated; I breathed with such difficulty, and felt so extremely ill, I neither could, nor durst have slept; and, truly, I was thankful to God, that I had not left the important work of making my peace with him to such an hour, when this poor, frail body engaged so continually my thoughts, because, every time I swallowed or breathed, the sensation was distressingly painful; but I found my gracious Lord faithful to his promises; he did not leave me comfortless. I felt entirely pas-

sive in his hands, desiring only that his will might be done; and though I was very conscious that there required a deeper work of grace to be wrought in my soul, yet I had such clear views of the mercy and power of God, in Christ Jesus, and that by the same Spirit which called me out of darkness into light, he could, in the twinkling of an eye, finish the work, and make me fit for his presence, that my soul did rest in hope, and I felt assured, that if then the earthly house of this tabernacle should be dissolved, I had a building, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Glory be to God for this great salvation, which has been purchased for us, by the blood of Christ! I can truly say that there is not anything I desire on earth, in comparison of an increase of love towards God, a firmer faith in his promises, and that holiness which shall fit me for his presence; to die, would then, indeed, be my everlasting gain.

As I think it the indispensable duty of a Christian, to meditate very frequently on the subject of death, I have often wondered whether, when the hour actually arrived, I should feel the same confidence in the mercy of God,

through the atonement of Christ, and as clear a sense of the forgiveness of my sins, as whilst in the enjoyment of perfect health, and the danger apparently, at a distance. It pleased the Almighty, thus gently to try me, and by this means to strengthen my faith, increase my love, and fill my heart with gratitude. All praise be unto him now, and for ever ! God bless you, my dear friend.

Your's, most sincerely,

"S. BROSTER."

"Houghton-Moss, June 29th, 1812.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I very much regretted not having an opportunity of seeing you the morning that I left, for I had many things to say to you—one in particular, which was, to beg an interest in your prayers, for I really felt a great depression of spirits, caused partly by temporal things, and partly by spiritual ; the former cause you know ; the latter was from a dread, lest being deprived of those means of grace, which I had found so profitable to my soul, I might fall into lukewarmness, or indifference concerning those things which belong unto my peace,

for I know how prone the heart is to turn again to the world, and all its vain and sinful pleasures ; but you will rejoice with me, when I can with truth and gratitude declare, that the Lord is most gracious and merciful to me, filling my whole soul with that love and adoration, which is a foretaste of the blissful state prepared for them that love Him. I certainly have much more time for private devotion and study, than when in town, but it is only once a week, that I can join my fellow-creatures in offering up prayers and praises to him who delighteth to bless all who draw nigh unto him with purpose of heart. How often do I implore him to bless, in a peculiar manner, those who have been instruments in his hand, to open my eyes, and turn me from darkness to light, to show me the path that leadeth to life eternal. Since I saw you, I may say, that I have been fighting with 'beasts at Ephesus,' and though I could not perceive that I was myself wounded, yet I hope, this was not their case ; I believe that even your husband would have been satisfied with my faithfulness, except in one instance, when Mr. Egerton contended that it was im-

possible to tell the time when, and the place where, that change took place in the human heart; and though I declared, positively, that such things were, and that I was certain it was a blessing to be obtained by all those who would use the proper means in applying for it, and attempted to describe the alteration in the disposition and pursuits; yet, I can scarce define what motive, except false shame, and a fear of ridicule, deterred me from declaring that the Almighty in His mercy, had bestowed, even upon *me*, this inestimable gift; but my sister was present, who is much prejudiced, and I could not forget a conversation that passed between them last summer, on this very subject; but the first time I see him alone, I will declare the truth, though he must have known from my manner, that I spoke from my own experience, and, to pave the way, I have lent him ‘Doddridge’s Sermons on Regeneration.’:

“I think you never saw any creature so astonished as B. was to hear that I had neither been at the races, nor the play: she would not believe me for some time; but when she found it really was so, she seemed much pleased, I suppose, to find I had not been

engaging myself in the way she thought I had. She said, she had often thought me very wicked indeed, for devoting myself so much to pleasure, and those amusements; but certainly running into the contrary extreme, was highly ridiculous; and it was but two days after, that she told me, I was bad enough before, but now that I was turning Methodist, I was '*ten thousand million times worse*;' so I have no hope at present that she will feel at all inclined to follow my example. When I had been here a few days, Mrs. W., and a Miss Younge, from Tarporley, came to fetch me to Bunbury to dinner. They said Mr. Williams was low and poorly, and entreated I would come: whilst I was dressing, I thought, perhaps he wanted a game at cards, and for a moment I felt a little dread of what they would say. After dinner, whilst he was burying a child, she said, she wished that he would come in that we might have the cards; then, of course, I was obliged to declare that I had left off playing, and for *why*. She was both surprized and provoked: we had a long argument, but finding me determined, she declared she had really no patience to hear me talk

in such a very ridiculous manner ; she always thought I had more sense. I believe she was much offended at the time ; for I am certain she has never been so flatly contradicted for many years.

“ I ought to conclude with words of great kindness, because such is the feeling of my heart ; but I have only room to say, that as far as I know myself, I shall love you whilst I live, and have the best reason for believing it will continue through all eternity. Remember me most affectionately to all your family, and believe me, your sincere friend,

“ S. B.”

To Mrs. Bowers.

July 21, 1812.

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

“ You *entreated* me to hear Mr. Braithwaite ; I do think that your *wishes* would, at any time, be sufficient to influence my conduct ; but in this case, I am much pleased that I did not receive your letter till after I returned from chapel, that you may be convinced of my anxiety to embrace every opportunity of gaining

a fresh supply of grace and knowledge. He chose your husband's favourite text,—Nicomachus. I found myself much comforted and strengthened. My heart fills with gratitude to the Almighty for his mercies. How sensibly did I feel my mind enlightened, my nature changed, my soul spiritualized, in comparison of what they were the year before, when I heard Mr. Bowers on the same subject. How incomprehensible, that I should have been in such a state of darkness, and so little conscious of it ; but it has pleased the God of all mercy, Him who *is* light, who is clothed with light, who dwelleth in light, to let it so shine upon my soul, that I might see clearly the wonders that he doeth for the children of men, his unbounded love and compassion, and my own unworthiness and blindness. How glorious is the prospect which is opened to us by faith ; we *know* that we shall be admitted into his presence, and pass a whole eternity in praising him : is it very wrong to say, O that the days of my pilgrimage were ended, that I might go hence, to that haven of eternal rest ! not, I hope, if I conclude with, 'nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done.' As

I saw Mr. B. after the sermon, I intended to make some little observation upon it, but I begin to think that the same bashfulness, which so tormented me in my youth, is returning, for I could not utter a sentence. He warned us not to hide our light, but to set it on a candlestick; to prove to you that I have done so, whenever I have seen any prospect of success, I intend to enclose two notes; the writer has an excellent heart, but has been *very* neglectful of her religious duties, you must excuse the spelling, her education having been very limited. I took her with me to chapel, and she has promised to go again next sunday, to hear Mr. B. Pray with me, that the Lord may prosper this work of his weak and imperfect instrument; what she says of being "*damned*," means, that B. asked her if she knew that she was to be damned, together with herself, and two or three more that she named? 'God forbid,' says she, 'who *said* so?' 'why Sally,' was the answer. Now you will readily guess what I really *did* say; but thus she changes or perverts every word I utter, and I must confess, causes me to be in a continual state of trial; sometimes I

refrain from speaking, but at others I am sorry to be obliged to acknowledge, I find my temper more irritated than I ought to suffer it to be, for instead of turning the other cheek, I make a defence; but I think scarcely ever, except when charged with hypocrisy, and hearing what I think most sacred, scoffed at and ridiculed; but I am certain that I feel no enmity, because I am always able to pray for her with fervour and sincerity: this I take to be a criterion, to which we may safely trust.

“ I am afraid you must be sadly teased with all those people, whose minds are bent on such different pursuits to yours. We have here very few visitors, and I find retirement, meditation, and prayer, very conducive to the welfare of the soul. God bless you, my dear friend; O may he protect us as we pass through this wilderness of sin and sorrow; may he support us at the hour of death, and in that great and terrible day of the Lord, when he shall appear, to judge all the nations of the earth, may we hear those ecstatic words, ‘ Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord !’

“ S. B.”

To Mrs. Bowers.

“I sometimes fancy, my dear friend, that there is a kind of sympathy between your soul and mine. I was particularly inclined to think so, when I read your note, for I also this morning had my heart so filled with the love of God, that I seemed led by the Spirit to my closet, where I poured out my soul in fervent prayer, dedicating myself anew to Him—my soul, my body, my time, my talents, all that I have now, all that I should ever possess; I seemed, indeed, at a loss for something more to offer as an acceptable sacrifice. How anxiously did I desire more faith, more holiness, more of that perfect love, which should fully endue my soul with every righteous principle, and you with that joy, which is unspeakable, and full of glory! I scarcely know, indeed, what I said, and what I thought, but this I know, that I felt the peace of God in my inmost soul! *help me to praise him for his goodness.* How truly do I feel, that hitherto I have made but little progress; but now my soul so thirsts for divine knowledge, for more of the image of Christ my Saviour,

that I trust henceforward, I shall indeed be "a new creature."

"How is it my dear friend, that what I have now written, I could not, had you been here, have told you? and, if not to you, certainly to no other human being, when I wish to make known to you the state of my mind, my heart trembles, my eyes fill with tears, and my tongue becomes that of the stammerer. This is at times a source of great uneasiness, and I can neither understand the *cause*, nor devise a *cure*. I every moment expect Mrs. Broster and Mrs. V.; they would think me a strange creature to be writing a letter to one, whom I see almost every day.

"God bless you: I am, in truth,

"Your affectionate,

"S. B."

"*Thursday Noon.*"

To Mrs. Bowers.

"You were very kind, my dear friend, to write first, and your letter brought comfort and profit to my mind.

"You, like a true *Christian friend*, inquire

after the state of my soul, and to say the truth, you are the only correspondent I ever had, who either cared, or thought anything about it. How amazing! When we consider the importance of the subject, our *immortal* souls! which must for ever live, either in a state of exquisite misery or inconceivable happiness! I wish I could, at this time, give you a better account of mine, but I have unhappily suffered my mind to be too much harassed, upon account of this poor creature, so that, when commending her to the care of him, who will make all things to work together for good, to them who *believe*, "I sometimes fear that my faith is not such as to entitle me to claim this promise; but no doubt the Almighty sees it best for me to bear this cross, it may be necessary to keep me humble and dependent on himself, and I would bless and praise his holy name, that he does enable me at all times, to say, 'not my will, but thine be done.'

"We had an excellent sermon from Mr. Tobias, on Sunday morning, from Galatians, 6. v. xv.; "In Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision,

but *a new creature*. You have heard so much on this subject, that I need not try to repeat anything he said; but it is certainly necessary that we should have it continually sounding in our ears, that those who have not yet obtained this inestimable blessing, might earnestly seek it; and that those who have, might praise the Lord for his goodness, and strive with all diligence to make their calling and election sure, praying, without ceasing, for strength to enable them to endure unto the end.

“Some of our family were not very well pleased that I did not go to hear the Bishop, who preached that morning, and as they said, an excellent sermon upon forgiving our enemies; but how much more profitable was the discourse I heard, which spoke of the Spirit of God purifying the heart, that prolific source of all evil passions! to forgive our enemies, in the way the bishop pointed out, to grieve at their misfortunes, and rejoice in their welfare, is what the natural man is totally incapable of performing; it requires a deep work of grace upon the heart, *much* of the mind that was in Christ, so to follow his example.

“Your’s, S. B.”

The following off-hand effusion is transcribed for the sake of the sentiment, and, the construction, it is hoped, will not displease.

To Mrs. Bowers.

“Though the ‘dumb dog’ had not the courage to offer up her prayers to her Heavenly Father, in the presence of her fellow-creatures, yet would she deserve to be eternally dumb, if she did not in some way attempt to praise Him for His mercy, His long suffering, and great kindness, which have followed her all the days of her life.

You will perceive the motive which induced me to make this first attempt; I make no apology for the *subject*, which I am sure will please; had my words been more suitable to the thoughts of my heart, these lines would have been worthy your acceptance; but this is right, for if I have a spark of pride remaining in me, this is the kind of food most palatable to it; when you have read, you will allow I am in no danger from this quarter.

ON READING SOME POETRY WRITTEN BY
A CHILD.

Shall I be silent, O my Lord,
When babes and sucklings speak thy praise?
I, who have felt thy powerful word,
From earth to heaven, my soul to raise!

O for a spark of that pure love,
Which in my Saviour's breast did glow!
When He descended from above
To rescue us from all our woe.

He, all compassion! gave His life,
A wretched dying world to save,
May we, O God! with ceaseless strife,
Resist the world; its pleasures leave,

Through this divine, all-powerful flame,
Which thou in mercy givest those,
Who call with faith on Jesu's name
And all their hopes on Him repose.

And when this world has pass'd away,
May we behold Him on His throne,
And fill'd with joy, may hear Him say,
I *bought*,—and *claim* them for my own.

The long and painful affliction of her father, was a source of great trial to Miss Broster. She was his almost constant, and very affectionate attendant, both at home, and at the various places, to which his medical advisers recommended him to retire for change of air. It is probable that this circumstance prevented her enjoying the benefit of a more close connection with the church of Jesus Christ; at the same time, she felt that such a step demanded deliberation, and a thorough conviction of its necessity, as it opened so new a path before her. Is it surprising that she lingered where she had been so long accustomed to place all her religious affections, and that she sought there the spiritual food, after which she now hungered? She saw, however, that there were means for growing in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ, which, according to canonical law, or the opinions of those who were its interpreters, were *irregular*; she felt, too, that as well as an edifying association with those who had obtained, or were seeking, 'like precious faith,' the truth was more fully and clearly preached by the methodist ministry, and she was finally

convinced, that it was her duty and privilege to avail herself of these 'helps,' in her Christian course. She had no quarrel with "the church," as a national establishment, nor did she wish to be considered a dissenter in principle, though a sense of duty urged her to be irregular in practice. She could not, however, conceal from herself, there were great imperfections, in what, on the whole, she esteemed as venerable; the most painful one, was, that the truth was very partially preached, and that error was so mixed up with it, as more than to neutralize its effect. Her hesitation was overcome in the year 1813, and she records the fact of her joining the Methodist Society, as follows:—

"On Sunday, the 5th of September, I entered the society of the Methodists, under a conviction that the greater part of them, possess more fervent piety, a more ardent desire to follow the example of Christ and his apostles, and have a deadness to the world, and devotedness to God, and a conformity to the precepts of the Gospel, which appeared to me to constitute the character of a Christian. Therefore, having, by the grace of God, determined

to spend the remainder of my days in preparing for *that* day, when I shall be called to give an account for every thought, word, and deed, I have taken this step, after having for more than twelve months, weighed and considered the matter well; and, above all, having committed myself to the guidance of him, who is the Shepherd and Bishop of my soul, I felt an assurance, that in this way, he would have me walk. And may he who knoweth the secrets of all hearts, and the motive of every action, bless and preserve me through life, comfort and support me in death, and afterwards receive me to glory, for the sake of Jesus Christ, my Lord!"

"It was Miss Broster's privilege to be introduced by Mrs. Bowers, to the Miss Philis Williams, afterwards *Mrs. Downes* of *Manchester* and her excellent sisters. This was a friendship, cherished by all the parties; it was signally useful to Miss B., and continued unabated until they were separated by death. A letter from that lady, dated, *Leeds, Dec. 1. 1813.*, will be interesting to those who knew her, and all who did, will bear testimony that she was one of the excellent of the earth,

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“My dear Miss Broster may have expected the fulfilment of my promise before this time. It affords me great pleasure, that in the midst of my engagements here, I can always feel united in spirit with my friends, and bear them ever on my mind, before the throne of grace. I trust you are going from strength to strength, laying aside every weight, and besetment, that you may surely obtain the prize.

I find in Leeds, a people who are walking with Christ, in all things adorning their profession. Many of them have, for a great number of years, been engaged in his service; they have borne reproach which we can never bear, and have stood in storms in which we shall never be called to stand. Their setting sun is glorious, and, as the world recedes, Heaven is delightfully opened to their enraptured view. I cannot help often saying in my heart,—‘Lord make me such as these are.’ He is no respecter of persons. These have been faithful to the grace given, and, in using it, they have had more abundantly. Here we may see the great advantage of decision in religion; they dare to be firm in the cause of their blessed master, and he is ever with them.

On Monday evening, good old Mr. Jas. Wood preached from, 'Be ye holy;' the state he described, is really exemplified in many here and soon *may* by *us all*; only let us seek with all our hearts, and entirely give up ourselves to God's will, according to the terms of our covenant engagement; then will he most assuredly fulfil his every promise. I often feel for you: though favoured above many, you still have need of great Christian firmness, that the spirit and temper of Jesus may be evident to those who differ from you, and that you may speak, and act in all things with a single eye to the glory of God. Take encouragement while you are laid in the dust before him, his help is ever nigh. I trust to see you a burning and shining light. My love to, &c. &c.

"Most sincerely, your's

"P. Williams."

"P. S. The mission cause has excited great feeling and interest here. I hope it may reach Chester; meetings are formed similar to those of the Bible Society. It is indeed a *great* cause."

The following memorandum was written in Miss Broster's pocket book, at the commencement of the year 1814.

“Once more I have, by the grace of God, dedicated myself, my soul and body, as a living sacrifice to Him, my Creator, my Redeemer, my Sanctifier, entering into a solemn covenant, that I would serve Him all the days of my life, forsaking all the pleasures and vain amusements of the world, devoting my time, my talents, my all to his service, and desiring to know nothing but Jesus Christ, and him crucified. And this the Lord enabled me to do without any mental reservation, with humility, gratitude and love, because of his mercy in drawing my affections to Himself. I trust that God will preserve me from all evil, either of thought, or word, or deed, so that I may walk through life as seeing Him who is invisible, and when He shall appear to judge the nations of the earth, I may appear at his right hand, and join in singing the praise of his redeeming love through all eternity.

Amen.

“*Jan. 16th.*—Thursday was a day of thanksgiving to Almighty God, for the signal mercies we have received at His hand. Whilst surrounding nations have been deluged with blood,

kings dethroned and banished ; during a period of unexampled trouble and dismay, with all the sad accompaniments of war, peace has reigned within our walls, and the sanguinary tyrant has been withheld from landing on our shores. Help us, O Lord ! to give Thee all the glory to whom it most justly belongeth. Thou hast not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

February.—It pleased God to favour me with an invitation to escape for my life, and behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world. He inclined my heart, so that I was not disobedient to the heavenly message. All praise to Him ! for He heard and answered my prayer. I saw that I was a sinner in His sight, and that there was no health in me. My heart was troubled and made *contrite*, and he was faithful who promised not to despise *such* a one. He spoke peace to my soul, and gave me a clear evidence, that for Christ's sake, He had blotted out all my transgressions, and by the power of His Spirit given me a new heart.

April 26.—Her Birth-day.—Surely this day

ought to be spent in prayer, meditation and self-examination, as in the sight of Him who searcheth the heart, and imploring the light of His spirit. This is, considering the end for which we came into this world, more appropriate than celebrating the day of our birth merely with feasting, and surely to neglect this is an infatuation the most awful."

In the Christian Ladies' Pocket-Book there is a very short portion of Scripture for every day. I find that for some time it was Miss B's. custom to write a remark under it. I select a few of these, as specimens. They shew the spirituality of her mind.

Jan. 2nd.—"Lead me in Thy truth and teach me." *This is the desire of my heart, for they are well taught, who are taught of Thee.*

3rd.—"He is a shield unto them who put their trust in Him."—*Though the fig tree should not blossom, nor fruit be in the vine, yet will I trust in the Lord.*

7th.—"Give me neither poverty nor riches."—*Except it be poverty of spirit and the riches of thy grace.*

9th.—"Good and upright is the Lord."—*I will continually praise Him for His goodness and*

mercy, for they have followed me all the days of my life!

10th.—“Therefore will he teach sinners in His way.”—*And they will surely find that His ways are ways of pleasantness, and all His paths are peace.*

24th.—“My hope is in Thee.”—*Therefore I shall never be confounded.*

25th.—“Glorify ye the Lord in the fires.”—*They shall have no power to harm thee, because the Lord is thy preserver.*

26th.—“I have waited for Thy salvation.”—*And not in vain, for Thou hast saved me with an everlasting salvation.*

29th.—“Who is he that overcometh the world?”—*Who indeed can accomplish this great work, without the continual assistance of Thy grace and spirit!*

Feb. 1st.—“I, even I, am the Lord.”—*With my whole heart will I praise Thee, because I do not worship Thee as an unknown God.*

2nd.—“And besides me there is no Saviour.”—*And there is none upon earth I desire in comparison of Thee.*

19th.—“Whether we live therefore or die

we are the Lord's."—*For us to live is Christ, and to die will be our everlasting gain.*

25th.—"Tribulation worketh patience."—*We endure all things as seeing Him that is invisible.*

26.—"And patience experience."—*'Tis only in the time of trial, that we are able to discover whether patience has her perfect work.*

March 2nd.—"He leadeth me beside the still waters."—*So that my peace does flow as a river, and my righteousness as the waves of the sea.*

3rd.—"He restoreth my soul,"—*from the power of Satan, and bringeth me into the full liberty of His own children.*

4th.—"The word of the Lord was precious in those days."—"And glory be to God;" *so it is in these days unto all his faithful followers.*

6th.—"A strong hold in the day of trouble."—*O Thou hope of Israel; It is not a vain thing to call upon Thee for succour.*

The name of the justly celebrated Hannah More has been mentioned, as having been one of those who were instrumentally connected with Miss Broster's conversion. Miss B. knew how to value instruments; she knew that their usefulness depended upon the hand that fitted and employed them; to God there-

fore she gave all the glory. But she judged that there were reasons which warranted grateful acknowledgment not only *for* the instrument but *to* it. Some of these will be found in the following letter to that lady, written by Miss Broster, about the year 1819.

“DEAR MADAM,

“Because, that God whom you serve and love, and confess before men, has not suffered you to ‘labour in vain and spend your strength for nought,’ I think it my duty to do now, what I ought, perhaps, to have done many years ago, but had not courage to trouble you with a letter. I believe my sole motive is to send you to a throne of grace, there to present another offering of grateful praise for the blessing and honour he has conferred upon you, in making you an instrument of good to an immortal soul for whom Christ died, and to whom he sent a message of mercy and power by you. Without further preface, I will endeavour simply and shortly to relate a circumstance that occurred about the year 1812, I being at that time forty-two years old. I had been invited by one, with whom I used to par-

take of, what are called, the pleasures and amusements of the world, to go, when we had no other engagement, to hear a methodist Preacher. I consented, and, in a short time, I perceived that his description of real religion, and that which I was in possession of, differed materially. I considered it a matter of too great importance to be passed over with indifference; so hoping I should find it a notion belonging exclusively to this people, I began to search books written by the members of my own church, but could not meet with anything that satisfied my awakened conscience, that all was right as respected the safety of my soul. My moral life, constant attendance on Church and Sacrament, I now feared was a foundation void of strength; it was not the *rock*. I was just in this state of mind, when the Lord put it into your heart to publish 'Practical Piety,' for ever blessed be His name! Truly he willeth not that any should perish.' I read, understood, believed, and by the grace of God obeyed; whilst reading it, I secretly, for there was company in the room, offered up myself to God, beseeching Him to instruct, to guide, to defend, to accept

me ; and from that day promised, that to the end of my life, I would make it my principal study to please, and to prepare to meet Him, through my merciful High Priest, who heard, interceded, and prevailed for me. With a penitent, and believing heart, I sought pardon and obtained it, with the light and influence of His Spirit. A daily repetition of this request has brought me daily blessing, and because His mercy endureth for ever, I continue until this day. Truly that part of the Psalm cxix. 5, 571, clearly expresses the state of my heart and mind. I soon found, that as the transforming power of divine grace had weaned my heart from the world, so the people of the world, my former friends and acquaintance, were weaned from me, but God, who had promised to ' guide me by His eye, never to leave nor forsake me,' brought me by His providence acquainted with some truly pious Methodists, whose prayers, conversation and example gave me encouragement and instruction, which was what I exceedingly needed, and as soon as possible, I became a member of that society, and am so still. I trust my relation of the above circumstance has been beneficial to many young persons.

“But I must not detain you any longer: I hope in our Father’s house to see you wear the crown purchased by the agony and bloody sweat of the Lord Jesus, and to unite with you and all the company of Heaven in singing Hallelujah! to Him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood! I am much tempted to fear that you will think this an intrusion, and dare hardly ask you to commission some one just to say it is not. I now conclude, praying that thousands more may have the same cause to bless you, and pray for you, and am sincerely, your obliged, and affectionate humble Servant,

“S. Broster,”

The following letter from *Miss P. Williams*, deserves a place here.

“I seem so entirely cut off from intercourse, of late, with my ever dear friend, that her letter this morning, was quite a treat. My heart still says, ‘Nor time, nor place can hinder prayer, or sever soul from soul.’

The means, now used to answer your ardent prayers, may not to *nature* be joyous, never-

theless, the fruit will appear. Afflictions are amongst our best blessings, when so sanctified as to lead us to the perfect resignation of *all* things into the hands of God, with the full confidence that he cannot err, and will suffer nothing to happen to one who is His child but for good. Since I have known His salvation never *one* circumstance happened, but the result has been good, when it drove me to God by prayer. It has pleased my Heavenly Father to exercise me with trials, which I had never known before I was deprived of your society. But they were permitted to humble me, and show me what was in my heart, to lead me to a fuller reliance on the rock of ages, and to less dependance upon the creature. As it regards myself, I thank my God, that in much mercy my mind is kept stayed on things above; and anxious thoughts, to which I have too often been a prey, have no power. 'My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest,' has long been enough for me to repose upon. In whatever place or circumstance, my heart will know no change towards my dear friend.

"Your's, most affectionately,

"P. Williams."

Miss Broster did not keep a regular diary, but occasionally wrote from the overflowing of her heart, on scraps of paper, some of which are preserved, and now copied. They give the best history of her spiritual progress.

*“June 19th, 1816.—*I would speak good of the name of the Lord; with my whole soul would I praise him; because each day of my life, I become more sensible of his mercy, his power, and his love; his promises are all yea, and amen in Christ Jesus, for ever! In the time of affliction they have given peace to my troubled mind, and still, thou, O Lord, givest thy unworthy creature a blessed degree of patience, and resignation to thy will, with the assurance, that nothing happens without thy permission, and that according to thy word, all things work together, for my good! In the time of affliction we examine ourselves whether we are dead to earth, and our affections set on things above. All that is considered by the worldly as good or great, appears as nothing in my sight, because my eye is fixed upon eternity. Glory to God! my prospect is bright; I know if I “continue faithful unto death,” I shall not pass through the valley alone; and,

in the day of judgment, I shall not only behold the glory of God, but be changed into the same likeness, partake of his blessedness, and dwell in the same place, and that for ever. And now, O Lord, my God ! thy creature cannot conceive *how* these things can be ; she, a worm of the earth ; Thou, the Lord God Almighty, Most High, and Holy ! But thy word has declared *why* these things shall be,—*Christ hath died*. Lord, thou hast remembered me, now thou hast entered into thy kingdom ; because of thy intercession I am spared and blessed, and I shall at last, be received to thy self, for thy name's sake.

1817.—For some months past, having had a complaint in my head, which rather increases than diminishes, I have felt it my duty, most seriously to examine my own heart, that if this should be unto death, and that, a *sudden* death, I may be found not sleeping, but watching for the appearing of my Lord. Thy creature, O Lord God ! desires to bear testimony to the truth of thy word. Thou makest all things to work together for good to those who love Thee. When Thou permittest their bodies to be afflicted, then how dost thou graciously pour

the strong consolations of Thy Spirit into their soul. Thy children can assuredly say, in the time of prosperity and health, "to be with Christ is far better." And in the time of sickness, the consciousness that our bodies are mortal, that this is not our rest, causes the heart to rejoice and be exceeding glad, knowing that thou hast prepared some *better* thing for us."

"*September, 1817.*—By the grace of God, I feel an assurance this night, that I have taken him for my portion. I consider it as an instance of the goodness and mercy of God, whenever I am in the order of his providence, brought into any situation, which enables me more fully to prove my own heart, and know whether I have with my whole soul, taken hold of eternal things. My happy soul does rejoice in God, my all-sufficient Saviour, who gives me to enjoy a peace that nothing pertaining to this world can possibly deprive me of. My treasure is in heaven, and there my heart is also."

CHAPTER II.

"Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment."

ST. JOHN.

"This is the sum of Christian perfection ; it is all comprised in one word, 'Love.' The *first* branch of it is the love of God : And as he that loves God, loves his brother also, it is inseparably connected with the *second* ; 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' "

WESLEY.

THE believer's progress is, of course, gradual, and it ought also to be *rapid*. It is as the "light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day," like it increasing in glory, as truly, though not as imperceptibly. "The times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord," are spots

pecially illuminated, and are too glorious to be overlooked or forgotten. With many such seasons, Miss Broster had been favoured, and the abiding effect upon her heart was an increasingly intense desire after entire conformity to the mind of Christ.

“The love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost,” is the principle of experimental religion, it is the very element of purity—the direct and triumphant antagonist of evil, whether in thought or affection, in word or deed. Uncompromising hatred of sin, is one of its first and most immediate fruits, and as essentially connected with the very existence of it, as “peace and joy.” The love of God, and the love of sin, cannot coexist in the heart; they are opposing principles,—the one is light and the other darkness, and where one is the other cannot be. Christian experience is not, as has been sometimes stated, a conflict between two mighty, and nearly equal powers; the discovery of evil by the light of the Spirit, without the power to overcome it; such sentiments are irreconcilable with Scripture, the great character of Christian privilege, and the standard by which all opinions must be tested. Christians

are there described as being, or required to be, "dead to sin,"—having "the body of sin destroyed,"—"the whole spirit, and soul, and sanctified wholly." Let the most sober and cautious interpretation be given to these and other phrases, and they will be found to present an elevated state of experience, to which it is the duty of Christians to aspire, and which it is the privilege of all to enjoy.

It is an impressive and interesting fact, that the effects of the atoning death of our great Redeemer, are represented as being only in the course of accomplishment, until all defilement of the flesh and spirit is purged away. "Christ gave himself for the church that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word, that he might present it to himself, a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish." * The *ultimate* object of this awfully glorious manifestation of mercy and judgment, is the glorification of the church; the *immediate* end—that in which it was intended *first* to issue, is its sanctification. *This*

Ephesians vi. 25, &c.

is the result which *now* glorifies the cross of Christ; and so important was this object in his eye, so dear to his heart, that he gave himself for its accomplishment; and, that having *cleansed* it, he might present it to himself. Nothing less than this sacrifice could suffice to attain this object, but now it is no longer impossible, nor a distant blessing. The atonement is as efficacious as it was designed to be; the Redeemer contemplated and desired no more in the endurance of his mighty griefs, than he is *able* to do. "His blood cleanseth from all sin:" the word which secures it is nigh us, in our mouth, and in our heart, and we have "boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus."

The *agency* which is in continual operation "for the perfecting of the saints," is an interesting topic of Christian contemplation. The promise of the Redeemer to his disciples, almost immediately before the hour of sacrifice, was that his place should be supplied by the "*Comforter*," and so important, so *indispensable*, is his presence in the church, that it was necessary the Saviour should *go away* that he might send the Spirit, not merely as

a substitute for himself, but as the richest blessing of Jehovah, the "gift" obtained by the blood of the cross. It is a glorious testimony to the all-sufficiency of the sacrifice offered for sin, that this royal benefit was bestowed upon the church, and is unceasingly supplied to all who ask it. The virtue of the death, and intercession of the Lord Jesus, is revealed and applied to the heart by the HOLY SPIRIT; it is HIS work to bring the sinner into the *Holiest*, that the blood which is sprinkled on the mercy-seat, may purge his conscience from dead works, and make his heart a temple of God. Whatever, therefore, is necessary to make the *whole* benefit of the atonement available, is here supplied. There can be no insurmountable difficulty in the way of those who desire and seek a full salvation. "The spirit helpeth our infirmities;" both exciting intense desire after the promised blessing, and strengthening by his might the inner man; to comprehend the love of God—its height and depth, its length and breadth, and fill with all, the fullness of God."

A variety of expression may be used to describe the maturity of the graces of the

spirit, and very interesting and instructive is it to observe the fruits of it, in the vast variety of mental temperament, and under the different circumstances, by which it is tested, but in principle there is the most unvarying uniformity; it is "*perfect LOVE.*" This is the image into which the believer is changed, while with open face, he beholds the glory of the Lord, "*for GOD is LOVE.*" His attributes are all combined, and harmonize in this name; it is the glory revealed to the eye of faith. It was this which passed before Moses in answer to his prayer, and which in interesting and solemn type, shone forth in the secret place of the Most High, above the mercy seat; and now it shines in noon-tide lustre in the face of Jesus Christ. The veil is taken away and all are invited to come boldly and receive the full manifestation of that glory, by which the soul is transformed "*into his image,*" and "*renewed in righteousness and true holiness.*" Joy is one fruit of perfect love, but by no means the *only* one, nor always, perhaps, the most prominent. All the graces of Christianity are but manifestations—the various phases of love, and just as it is perfect, will *all* its effects

be obvious. "Long suffering, gentleness, goodness, fidelity, meekness, temperance," are the uniform accompaniments of "love, and joy, and peace." If there is one word which will express the combination of all these—that which specially characterizes the "perfect man"—it is *humility*, which is love contemplating the divine condescension, and with unaffected wonder and delight, exclaiming

" Who then can that vast love express
Which bows thee down to me, who less,
Than nothing am, till thou art mine."

This was the perfection taught by Mr. Wesley, and in these strains he helped the devotions of those who were seeking for full redemption.—"

" Open my faith's interior eye,
Display thy glory from above,
And all I am, shall sink and die,
Lost in astonishment and love."

Nor is this feeling confined to the hour of devotion. It is as the garb in which his

character is manifested ; in the church, and in the world ; before men, as well as before God, he who is perfected in love, is “ clothed with humility.”

The following is a record of one of these gracious seasons, experienced by *Miss Broster*.

“ My happy soul delights in the mercy of my God ; my willing lips would be ever speaking of His goodness, and thus, with my pen, would I record the tokens I have received of His power and loving kindness. O Lord, my God ! if ever one, ignorant, helpless, worthless in herself, did acknowledge her infinite debt to Thy free grace, through the sufferings, death, resurrection, and intercession of the Lord Christ, it is Thy creature whose heart now beats with gratitude and love to Thee, conscious of Thy favour, and anticipating, by faith, that day when she shall behold Thy glory. For some time I have been seeking that blessing, which I believed it to be my privilege to enjoy. A heart cleansed from all unrighteousness, freed from every evil thought and every evil temper, that being made holy, I might be fitted at any moment for the Master's

call. Hearing that God was in this way, visiting, and manifesting his power to his people, my cry was, 'hast thou not a blessing for me, for me also my God?' The Lord graciously heard my prayer, and at His table on Sunday, September 7th, 1817, caused me to 'feed on Him by faith,' and sent down upon me His Spirit of power and of love, whereby my heart was circumcised, and made meet to become a throne for God,—at present he reigns there, and is the Lord of every motion, my will and my affections submitting to his sway. Glory be to God! Thus baptized by his Spirit, all things are become new, and this is my song of rejoicing,

"My God I am Thine, what a comfort divine,
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine!"

"And now, seeing that it is by faith I stand, that it is only by obedience, watchfulness, and prayer, I can possibly retain what God has so graciously bestowed, I here give *my all* unto the God of all my mercies; indeed it was by this means that I obtained the blessing: the Lord enabled me by faith to give up my *whole*

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heart to Him, and He seemed to take it, to mould and fashion it as seemed good in his sight, through the atoning blood of Christ making it pure from every stain. I was conscious, that, by the mighty power of God, I was renewed in righteousness and true holiness. And thus is fulfilled what John heard, 'a great voice out of Heaven,' saying, 'Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with men, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.' Eternal praise be to Thee, O Lord God Almighty."

It may be supposed, that, being thus blessed, Miss B. was not idle. She had a mind of more than ordinary power, which had been cultivated with considerable care; and now, through the grace so plentifully bestowed upon her, she was prepared for more active service in the church of Jesus Christ. I find half a sheet of paper, labelled, "*my first class paper,*" and the following endorsement shows with what feelings she undertook this important work. "The Lord alone knows with what fear and trembling I undertook the charge, but the God of Jacob has sustained me, and having brought

me to the dust, by giving me to see my own insufficiency, has graciously enabled me, by faith, to depend on him, who is my wisdom righteousness, sanctification, and redemption, and hitherto the Lord hath helped me ! Blessed, for ever blessed be his name ! And if the Lord, my God, will continue to instruct, encourage, and support me, I will, by the help of His Holy Spirit, perform the duties connected with the charge, as the servant of the Lord, conscious, that one day I shall be called to give an account ; it is *His* work, and if he will teach me to do it in His own way, I will give to Him all the praise and honour in time and in eternity.”

“S. B.”

Jan. 1st. 1818.

“Dec. 11th.—Help me, Lord, to testify of Thy goodness, that others may know Thy loving kindness to me, the child of many mercies. An attack of fever, has brought my body to a state of great weakness, and deprived me for some time of many means of grace, but God has preserved my soul in a state of perfect resignation to his will. He is present with

me, as He is in the great congregation ; by faith I have come to His feet, and received all that my soul needed. He who had given his blood, to cleanse my soul was more precious to me than health, or friends, or life. All glory unto the Triune God !

1819.—“ Seven times seven have been the years of my pilgrimage ; six of these were devoted to the world, and the creature ; and only the *last* seven to the Lord, my God ; my King and my Father. And now with a heart deeply debased before him for its former hardness and rebellion, yet *now* rejoicing in his favour, and in some degree partaking of his image, I would confess before him and his people, that the last seven years have been as the sabbath of my life ! Glory and thanksgiving be unto the Lord Jehovah !

Amen.

The following letter is addressed to her valued friend *Mrs. Downs* :—

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

“ I suppose you have heard, that notwithstanding my unwillingness to leave home, I

suffered my brother to take me to Ireland; and I know you will be much gratified to hear, that though I only remained there one week, and was absent only twelve days, yet, I am wonderfully changed for the better, able, blessed be the name of the Lord, to attend all the means of grace, and to walk to and from town without fatigue.

“My strange, but very kind brother, said to me one evening at tea, ‘you must pack up a few clothes to night, for I intend to take you to the *Isle of Man to-morrow.’ I smiled and said, ‘what nonsense.’ ‘Perhaps you may think so,’ said he, ‘but I am determined you go, as Dr. Thackeray tells me it will be the only thing likely to strengthen your constitution;’ so I began seriously to consider the matter, and thought it might come from him whom I expected to direct all my steps, and that it was my duty to comply; and surely the blessing and presence of the Lord went with me! Both my body and soul received good at his hands.

* We heard something which caused us to change our course for Dublin

“ We went from Liverpool in a sailing Packet, and were fifty-three hours on board ; no female cabin-passenger except myself, a smooth sea, and clear sky, which was a subject of general complaint with others, who were anxious to get on, but of rejoicing to me, as every breath I drew seemed to do me good.

“ I was very much pleased with the grandeur, taste, and elegance of the city of Dublin, and the very beautiful prospects of the country all around ; the people are so kind and hospitable ; we dined at home only one day, they remembered my brother, though it is eight years since he was there. I found it difficult to get away ; a lady followed me to the ship at eight o'clock in the morning (though she had been at a party till three) to try again to persuade me to stop with her a month ; she pleaded that I should do her good in my own way, but I *had* delivered the Lord's message, and I promised to write, and to pray for her too. We returned in the steam packet in twenty-four hours, crowded with passengers, for they let forty-four beds, and had but twenty. You would have laughed to see me rocking in a hammock at the top of the cabin, and an American lady in another

by me, with a view of the starry heavens above. We could not put down the hatches, for fear of being suffocated, for every spot, floor, and seats—was covered with human beings. They were all females, else I might have fancied myself in a field of battle, stepping over the slain; indeed many were half dead with sickness, but I was quite well, both going and coming, and much entertained with the curious and novel scene. Yet in the midst of all, I had *cause*, and *did*, lament before the Lord, for it seemed as if all the people had forgotten God! Ah! my dear friend, when I thought of Him, who holdeth the water in the hollow of his hand, and had stretched out the heavens in such magnificence and beauty, bending over the side of the vessel, I worshipped and adored; and though I saw myself but as a speck in the creation, yet the spirit of God whispered to my soul, ‘Thou art *more precious* than all these!’ but words could not explain to you, the blessed, gracious communications that passed between my *happy*, yet *abased* soul, with Him who made it, through him who *bought* it! The last day on our return, sitting by a lady on the deck, who had

been there all night on account of sickness, she was expressing her fears, and wondered that I did not see the danger, and feel alarmed. I told her *why* I did not, and having the hymn-book in my hand, opened it at these words:—

See the Lord, thy keeper stand,
Omnipotently near,
Lo! He holds thee by thy hand,
And banishes thy fear.

Shadows with his wings thy head,
Guards from all impending harms,
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.

“How my heart expanded to receive this truth, for, to my knowledge, I never saw the words, before I shewed the hymn to her: she said it was *very pretty*! but she could not feel as I did. I told her the whole truth. Day and night we ought to pray unto the Lord, ‘send forth thy light and truth, for the people, even in this land, sit in darkness and the shadow of death.’

“Mr. Barth is tolerable, still living very near to God: the Lord says to us, ‘go thou and do likewise.’ May He help us!—Amen.

“Be assured of my love and continued friendship.”

“S. BROSTER.”

Chester, July 15th, 1820.

Chester. January 3rd, 1822.

To Mrs. Downs,

“MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

“I feel thankful to that God whose promise never fails, that he has again preserved, and blessed you—“In blessing, I will bless thee.” what a comprehensive, invaluable promise! Our souls may continually feed upon it, and trust in it, under all circumstances, for God has given it as a portion for his people.

“I think I must have tried your faith, and patience by my long silence; but with every rising and setting sun, I bring you and your’s before the mercy-seat, so verily I have not forgotten you. I dare not by candle-light, either write, read or work, it produces so much pain and lightness in my head; but this deprivation I find to be productive of great good, for by this means the natural bias of my mind is counter-

acted, and during the evening when not in town, being generally alone, I pass the time in meditation, prayer, and in my poor way, singing a hymn of praise to God, making, I trust, more melody in my heart than with my voice. Another year is gone, and still the Lord affords me that degree of health which enables me to partake of the various precious means of grace, with which I am privileged. I often say, 'What shall I render?' and always feel as if I render nothing in comparison of what I might and ought; but the blood and intercession of Christ my Saviour, is all my plea and the foundation of all my hope; by faith I lay hold of those promises suited to my state, inward and outward, and find them like the Giver, full of grace and truth; and I know that the glory of God, and the spiritual welfare of his creatures, is the reigning desire of my soul; I daily prove this to be my state. The Lord is visiting this place, souls are awakened and converted at every meeting; the classes are increasing; so is the life and spirituality of those who have believed. At some of the meetings in the vestry, though I have felt as in a vapour bath, yet my soul has enjoyed a heaven upon

earth ; the numbers in the room, in the passage, and on the gallery stairs, would have surprised and delighted you. At the time I have not perceived that I received so much good myself, I have been so much engaged for others, but afterwards I have found that the Lord has not forgotten me, but whilst I have been asking blessings for others, and lost sight of self, he has been watering, filling, and purifying my own soul,—have I not *much* cause to *praise* my God ? It would do you good to see the moistened, sparkling eye, the anxious, tender, sympathizing look of your old friends and fellow pilgrims, especially * * * and many others. And notwithstanding all the devices and snares of Satan, Mr. Fowler's labours are owned and blessed in a peculiar manner.

“Accept the best wishes, the tenderest regards, the Christian love of

Your sincere Friend,

“SARAH BROSTER.”

“About this time, Miss Broster appears to have had rather frequent correspondence with Lady E. Butler, and Miss Ponsonby, who were then residing at Llangollen. Several

communications from these ladies which are preserved, shew the high estimate which they formed of Miss Broster's religious character; though these letters do not contain much that would be *generally* interesting. An extract from one of them will introduce a circumstance in which Miss B. felt a most lively interest.

"Lady Eleanor Butler, and Miss Ponsonby, avail themselves of this opportunity to offer their kind regards to Miss Broster, with their best wishes for her health, and to assure her of the pleasure it will always give them, to receive a visit from her. They request Miss B. will do them the favour to employ the sum Mr. B. will pay her on their account, in any way most acceptable to the very interesting family, for whose use she was, last year, kind enough to accept of a small donation from them."* * * *

Llangollen.

This "interesting family," was one, for which Miss Broster had both felt and exerted herself, and of whom she dictated a brief history, a short time only before her death; a summary of which is as follows.

Mr. Barth had been respectably brought up, and was a member of the Wesleyan Society; but owing to the application of a medicine, prepared by an empiric and impostor, for the use of inflammation of his eyes, he had entirely lost his sight. He had a wife and six small children, for whose wants he was unable to provide, and the whole of their scanty income, was the produce of a small school kept by Mrs. B—. For a considerable time, things had gone on in their usual, and very trying course, when Miss Broster's attention was specially excited by the peculiar manner, in which, at the public bands, he quoted the 17th and 18th verses of the 3rd Chapter of Habakuk. "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." Miss Broster went on the following day to see him, and after some hesitation, he yielded to her entreaties to communicate the cause of the peculiarity which she had observed in his

manner of speaking, and said, that he was going to chapel, and asked for his class-book. Mrs. B. replied, I cannot find it. Have you lighted a candle? We have not got one. Send to buy one? I have no money. Light a bit of paper then? The fire is gone out. How happened that? Our coal is all gone. Have you any bread in the house? Not any, William. What! neither coals, bread, nor money? indeed we have not. Well, God hath said that our "bread shall be given, and our water shall be sure." He never has, and, *I believe*, he never will forsake us. Under these circumstances, the tried, but good man had left his home, and expressed his confidence in God. On his return, however, he found that God, in whom he trusted, had made provision for the wants of the family, and thus excited the fervent praise of his grateful child. They were never more suffered to know such distress. Miss Broster exerted herself in their behalf, until the wife and mother were taken from the family. Her last moments are thus described by Miss B., in a letter to Lady E. Butler.—Mr. Barth was led to her bed-side, and inclosing her dying hand in his, he said,

"now my dear, if your soul is happy, try to lift up your hand;" immediately with a strong effort, she raised *both* her hands and his also, gently shaking it, and at the same moment, her triumphant spirit fled to the realms of bliss. Mr. B. survived his excellent wife about twelve months, and then as sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, leaving six orphan children. It may be supposed that this circumstance exceedingly occupied Miss Broster's time; suffice that she had the satisfaction of seeing them all taken care of, and thus had a delightful proof, that "a Father of the fatherless, is God in his holy habitation." Miss Broster's account of the last days of this suffering saint, may not be unacceptable to the reader.

"Miss B. promised to inform Lady E. Butler when any material change took place in Mr. Barth, and now there is a change *most* material, for his body is laid in the dust, and his soul has entered a state of unchangeable bliss. Many have to regret the loss of a pious and judicious friend, but they rejoice that his trials are ended. He, frequently with faith, and earnest prayer, committed his orphan

children, separately and collectively, to the hand of the Lord. He suffered very much for some weeks, yet whilst he expressed this to a friend who inquired of him, he said 'my Lord gives me always grace and patience according to my need; when my sufferings most abound, then do my consolations also. He does all things well. Blessed be his name! Perfect peace, and the utmost tranquillity are my portion, and a most blessed anticipation through faith in Christ, of beholding Him in his glory, and abiding with Him for ever.' Perceiving by his uplifted hands that his heart was engaged in prayer, though too weak to utter a sentence. I repeated those lines of Montgomery's,

• "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed."

"I know it" he replied, 'what would become of me *now*, but for the consciousness I have that God reads the heart, and for the communion I have with him through the Holy Spirit.' Many gracious sayings might be repeated, but Miss B. fearing to be tedious,

will conclude by expressing her kind wishes, and earnest prayer for the welfare, temporal and spiritual, of the ladies of Llangollen." * * *

Brook Cottage, April 19 1823.

Amongst the friends who were specially prized by Miss Broster, was the late very excellent Mrs. Warren, the sister of Mrs. Downes; and being prevented, by providential circumstances, from personal intercourse with each other, an occasional epistolary correspondence was kept up. Mrs. W's excellencies were known and appreciated by an extensive circle of friends, and her memoirs have introduced her to many others. It will not be deemed intrusive by these, at least, if a letter of this valued friend of Miss B's be introduced, written after a family bereavement, in answer to one of condolence from Miss B. •

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

* * * "None but God, who called for this sacrifice, knows what we have felt; but I know not where to begin to praise him; I can only say, he made his grace sufficient! Had I been before without an evidence of his love,

then I had an indubitable certainty of it. With all the power of my soul I asked for her life, but he gently told me that she was not mine, but his, and he had only lent her to me. And, as truly as if my eyes had seen him, I was enabled to deliver up my precious child into his arms, and I felt an assurance that he had taken her. This was about twenty-four hours before her death. After offering this sacrifice, I beheld her in the cradle, and adored that Jesus, who had by his death done away the original offence, and through whose atonement she was shortly to be amongst those who were redeemed from the earth. Can you wonder, My dear Friend, if now I love him more? Nature often lets fall a tear, but I instantly resolve all into the will of God, knowing He has done what He would with *his son*. When my prayer was not heard for her life, I asked for an easy passage, and *that* He graciously vouchsafed. O, my dear Friend, I am now much afraid of *idols*; I used to think myself in no danger, but Ah! I will not trust my own heart; My little girl was beginning to be essential to my happiness, and I felt that my affections were let out upon her in an undue manner.

Two or three weeks before her death, I was, in the bands, led to pray especially for a full conformity to my living head, and that promise was applied, 'from all your idols and from all your filthiness will I cleanse you.' I rejoice in God, but little was I aware how, or when he would begin the work. Since our affliction, that word of the Saviour has been enforced upon my mind. 'Every branch *in me* that beareth fruit, he purgeth it that it may bring forth more fruit.' I thank God it has had that effect. I have been enabled to turn to Him that hath smitten. * * * I think since I travelled, I have never felt a more ardent desire to work for God in any way. He shall point out. My soul is happy. I have felt lately quickened in the way of faith—the short, simple way of coming to God, just as I am, and receiving out of his fulness. I have been convinced afresh of the necessity of cultivating habitual spiritual-mindedness, and this is done by keeping my eye simply fixed on my Lord, ready to go were he bids, to do what he commands *instantly*, without conferring with flesh and blood, or Satan, for *he* will start a thousand objections to *any work, in any way*

in which he sees we may either do, or get good. Poor, dear Mr. B ! It seems as if the Heavenly Refiner would take him out of the furnace, to place him in His heavenly cabinet.—

“ Suffering faith shall brighter grow,
As gold when in the furnace tried.”

Give my love to him and tell him ‘ all the promises are sure.’

I truly sympathize with you in your present affliction. I have just heard of the death of your sister. You must now leave the matter in his hands, who is full of tender mercy ; this is indeed, a changing, dying state. What events have happened to both of us since we parted ! And shall *we* meet again, before we arrive at our Father’s home ? Tell my dearest mother, that I am well and happy—happy in God, and happy in my work ; tell my dear brother and sister to hold the child as a blessing *lent* ; I thought when in Chester my treasure was likely to be as lasting as theirs ; but Oh ! to suffer the will of God. I praise Him with a bleeding heart ; may the Eternal God be

your refuge! When you have access to Him, remember

Your affectionate,
"A. WARREN."

The following extracts from memoranda and letters, will shew that Miss Broster grew in grace, and was favoured with very gracious manifestations of the love of God.

"For the last ten years of my unprofitable life, the close of the old year, and the commencement of the new, has been a season in which the Lord has condescended, in a peculiar manner, to visit and bless my waiting soul. This year being about to renew my covenant, I found the Lord had prepared my heart for this most solemn service. As soon as I had bowed my body, and, indeed, my soul, before God, and was about to renew my vows to be his on his own terms, and under all circumstances, there came over my mind such an overwhelming, awful sense of his presence, and his attributes, and such a sense of my own nature, my ingratitude, transgressions, and unworthiness, as seemed to command me to forbear drawing nigh unto such a God. Just

then these gracious words were powerfully and seasonably applied to my heart, 'Be not afraid, it is I.' I took encouragement, and delivered myself, just as I was into the hands of my only Saviour, my gracious Master, my unchangeable Friend, and received an assurance that I was accepted in the beloved. Blessed be the name of the Lord ! Thine may I live, Thine may I die ! and then beholding thy glory, abide with Thee for ever ! Amen, Lord Jesus, Amen.

1823.

"SARAH BROSTER."

"Though not often upon paper, yet I trust *always* upon the tablet of my my heart, are written grateful acknowledgments of the mercies of God. Far beyond my expectation has my life been preserved ; and my health enables me to attend the ordinances of the Lord's house. And there he visits, instructs and feeds my soul."

In the following year, 1824, Miss Broster was called to leave her native place, and to reside in Edinburgh. This was a severe trial to her ; a circle of beloved Christian friends,

and especially her class, were attractions which she strongly felt, and gladly would she have remained in a place, endeared to her by so many associations. Her feeling in reference to this matter may be known by the following records of her experience.

“By the grace of God, I have for many years implored him to direct me by his providence, to appoint my lot, to choose my habitation. So that the cloud of his presence would go before me, I was willing to go to any place, and if it abode on my tabernacle, then I would, with submission, *remain*. Through a strange coincidence of providential circumstances I have been brought to this place, and at present I see no prospect of my return to my own country, and my own people, whom I left with much painful feelings, on account of my love to them, and the exceeding great interest I felt for the prosperity of their souls. But as it was the Lord’s will that I should leave them, either for a season or for ever, I was enabled with resignation and faith to commend them to his love and power; so concerning them and all other things, my mind is kept in perfect peace, resting in the will of

God, and desiring, above all things, that it may be done *by* me and *in* me; this, through the grace of God, is the reigning principle of my soul, and though I abound in every thing of this world's goods, yet my heart daily considers and pants after my eternal rest, to gain a meetness for it, and an entrance into it is my constant aim. I have a Leader who is able and willing to bring me in, who not only increases my desires after it, but gives me a renewed assurance that I shall enter. Though my situation is not altogether as favourable to my enjoyment of the means, as that I occupied before, yet it excites more filial fear, more dependance and watchfulness. This trial my Lord saw necessary for me, and he makes it profitable. I know that the destruction of self-will is a part of Christian discipline. May I obtain all the graces of his spirit, and all the mind that was in Christ!"

Miss Broster was a most affectionate and devoted sister, and as the professional engagements of her brother,* T. Broster, Esq. led

* Mr. Broster still lives to pursue his course of usefulness in restoring the organ of speech, under every im-

him to a more frequent change of residence, than she would have desired ; nothing but necessity could detain her in one place, if he were in another. It is but just also to say, that this affection was reciprocal, and the pleasure of the association mutual.

Dalmahoy, near Edinburgh,

June, 1824.

Memoranda :

“For a few weeks I have been abiding in this place, I trust not only by the permission, but by the direction of Him, whom I have, through grace, taken to be the guide of my life, the director of all my steps. I have been saved from every evil, by sea and land, both as it respects my body and my soul. When sailing on the unruffled deep, I thought of Him who once walked on its foaming billows, and, when beholding the earth with its amazing mountains

pediment, defective enunciation, lisping and weakness of organic power in public speaking ; he was called to Scotland to attend a lady of high rank, and then obtained complete success in this case, and in many others of great interest. Dignitaries of the Church of England, some of the professors of the English Universities, Members of Parliament, and Barristers, were amongst his pupils, and testify to the excellence of his system.

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terrific rocks, and verdant valleys, I remembered that God who 'In the beginning created the heavens and the earth, by whose power they stand fast, and at whose word they shall one day melt away!'

"From the contemplation of his power, I was led to consider the wonders of his grace. His grace and mercy, so richly, and marvelously displayed in the gift of his Son! The tenderest feeling of gratitude, love, and praise, filled and melted my heart; and whilst I bent over the sides of the vessel, though I shed many tears, yet my soul experienced that peace which Jesus left as a precious legacy to his disciples, that joy in the Holy Ghost, which belongs to those who believe in the sufficiency of the atonement, and the truth of the promises: I bear my testimony to the efficacy of the grace of God to expel the evil of our nature, and bring in that holiness which prepares us, while I cordially accept of the conditions laid down in the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

"Though, excepting one sabbath, I have been unavoidably deprived of all the outward means of grace, yet I have been enabled 'to sing the Lord's song in a strange land for the Lord

that redeemed me has been with me, and kept me in the hollow of his hand, and as the apple of an eye.

“Blessed be the name of the Lord for ever !

“SARAH BROSTER.”

“Ever until now, 1824, the God of all mercy has kindly borne with all my infirmities. I believe the Lord knows my sincerity, that I not only *desire* but *intend* to be his *wholly*, and not to keep back my heart even partially for the world. I see it to be my privilege, and God’s will, that I should be his servant, his child, his friend ! ‘Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you.’ My trust is still in Christ as my Saviour, and in the Holy Spirit as my Comforter and my Sanctifier. I know his power; I feel his love. Through this divine power and heavenly love, I have for twelve years been enabled to run *safely*, though not *swiftly*, or I should have received more of the graces and gifts of the Spirit. Lord increase my *faith*. Amen. *By faith I am saved !*

“Though I am at present in possession of every temporal comfort, and as far as my desires go, of every earthly good, yet I am willing

if God saw it to be right, to leave all, even my very, very dear friends and relatives, to be with Christ, for death has lost his sting, and the grave its terrors.

“May my soul grow in grace every day and every hour, whilst I abide here, and afterwards, *Θεοῦ*, O JESUS, wilt receive me to glory. *Amen.*”

“1825.—Since the first moment that God through His infinite mercy gave me to know that my sins were forgiven, and my soul converted, I have had an earnest desire that others should be made partakers of the same blessing; and had I been more faithful, and made more frequent and zealous efforts, I know I might have been more useful; but since the desire still abides, and still increases, I hope to use all the powers of my mind and all the grace he shall deign to bestow, to glorify and speak good of his Name.

“I feel thankful to God, that the remembrance that I am in a strange land, and in the midst of a strange people is passing away; I find that I enjoy the same privileges, am made a partaker of the same promises, I am preserved, supported and comforted by the

same Saviour, and taught by the same Spirit, as when in my own country; so I am still delivered from the world, and the power of Satan, and know and praise Him who is the guide of my life, the joy of my heart, and my portion for ever! During thirteen years, I trust I have offered daily thanks and praise, that I was ever led by his grace and Spirit to say, "this people, shall be my people, and *their* God *my* God;" with his help I mean to abide in the same fold—the fold of Christ my shepherd—until He receives me to his glory! So be it, Lord Jesus!—*Amen.*"

The following letter is addressed to Mrs. Downes.

Edinburgh, Park Place.

* * * "I never had so much to engage both my mind and body, a large house, five servants, from eight to fourteen ladies and gentlemen, under my brother's tuition, besides several parties, visiting us from Chester.—But enough; you will be anxious to know how my soul prospers in the midst of all this company and bustle. Ah! my dear friend, nothing is impossible to God. I feel that I never so

much needed watchfulness and prayer, and the Lord bestows upon me a daily portion of grace. Though I was filled with fears when I first came, seeing my danger, yet they are now subsiding, as I believe it is the will of the Lord that I should abide here, at least for a season. I have contrived sometimes to accompany Mrs. Walsh, my excellent leader, to the prison, the infirmary, and the poor-house, and in visiting the sick; nothing is so gratifying to me as to be thus employed. My soul *cleaves* to Jesus, the portion, the treasure of his people. I feel frequently blessed, while speaking of the value of the soul, and the necessity of being ready when the Lord shall come, to as many as I can of the strangers that sojourn with us. Pray that the Lord may bless the seed thus sown by his weak, unworthy servant; and praise him for the grace, which causes me to feel *acutely* for their salvation. I have that degree of bodily debility, that produces fainting upon the least over-exertion; but my kind brother has called in one of the first physicians in the city, and I think I improve a little. My heart longs to know how you all are. Write often to your

absent, but sincerely affectionate old friend, who always remembers you with feelings of peculiar tenderness.

“S. BROSTER.”

Memorandum.

1825.—“O Lord, I will extol Thee, because Thou hast lifted me up. Thou foundest me grovelling in the dust, seeking my happiness in those things that would have destroyed my soul, that could neither show nor do me any good. Thou hast now raised my thoughts and my affections to thyself, to a remembrance of thy name, and to a frequent meditation on the mystery of redeeming love. I have not only *hope* of thy mercy, but an assurance of thy favour, blessed intercourse with thy people, various and precious means of grace; but above all, sacred intercourse, intimate fellowship with Thyself through the Son of thy love. Whatever temptations or afflictions I have passed through, I have received from the Lord my God, patience, submission, and deliverance. In the day of my trial, my faith was vigorous, and my consolations exceedingly abounded. Therefore my soul did, and now does ‘make her boast in the

Lord.' I feel that God is love; I live by faith 'in the son of God, who hath loved me, and given Himself for me.' With humility, sincerity and dependence upon his grace and mercy, and *on that alone*, I again give myself to Him, to the teachings of his Spirit, and the guidance of his providence, seeing that the end of all things is at hand, and my redemption draweth nigh.

"S. BROSTER."

It was ordered that another sphere of usefulness should be occupied by Miss Broster, and that many others should be favoured with the light of her experience and example. She had resided in the northern metropolis nearly two years, and now had the prospect of a long journey, and new associations in London. This was a momentary trial to her, but she was not forsaken. In reference to it she writes—"Within these few days my mind has been a good deal harassed, but I have been much comforted this evening, by the sermon. The text was, 'Perfect love casteth out fear.' I not only submit, but am satisfied that all will be right, and for my good; if the Lord should

try me by leading me *about* and *about*, in my journey through this wilderness, I feel assured that He will not fail to feed me with heavenly manna, and give me to drink of the brook by the way. His presence shall go with me, and He will assuredly bring me to the land of promise by his mercy and power, and then I shall see and acknowledge that He hath done all things well, and eternally praise Him for the fulfilment of *this* promise, made to me many years ago—‘I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.’ So the *fear is gone*, and the *love abideth*.”

“Nov. 1825.—In the midst of confusion, preparing for our removal to London, I not only stand my ground, but at the command of Him whom my soul loveth, I march forward; by faith beholding Him, and hearing his ‘still small voice,’ saying,—‘follow me,’ I answer, ‘Lo! *I come*,’ and find He strengthens my weakness, and cheers my heart. He still assures me that I am his, and will not suffer me for a moment to loose my dependence upon the truth of his promises. I know that as a child of God they belong to me through Christ; and, drawing

nigh in faith, I gain a clearer conception of their nature and their value, as well as of the effect which their entire fulfilment would produce in my soul. I already receive a portion more precious than all the world contains ; and while my expanding heart is secretly constrained to praise him, I long to behold Him. Tarry, O my soul ! a little longer, and thine, eye, and all thy powers shall be satisfied, for thou shalt see Him as He is. So be it, LORD JESUS, *Amen.*

“N. B. A day of blessedness, a day of *inexpressible* communion with my living Head. Remember it, O my soul ; and be faithful !”

Early in the year 1826, Miss Broster accompanied her endeared Brother to London, and resided in Cadogan Place, Chelsea, where, with great uniformity, she pursued her accustomed course of piety and usefulness. Her late excellent friend, Mrs. Warren, had been the leader of a class at the Chapel, in Sloane Terrace ; soon after Miss B's arrival, she was appointed successor to Mrs. W. and notices the circumstance in the following letter to Mrs. Downs.

"London, Sept. 18, 1826.

"41, Cadogan-place, Sloane-street.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

"My heart is occupied with many tender, and grateful recollections, whilst I hasten to return you thanks for your very kind and acceptable letter; it was indeed a cordial to my mind, which had, a week before, been a good deal depressed.—I seemed to want, and greatly desired to have some of my former Christian friends, with whom I could meet in private band, and who would *help me on*. Perhaps it was a temptation of the enemy, or the remains of my old besetment of trusting to an arm of flesh. Though my gracious Lord has used such various means of bringing me to live by faith, and not by sight, yet I do acknowledge, and feel assured, that all his dealings towards me, have been those of wisdom, mercy and love; He shows me that, 'but one thing is needful'—to submit to the order of his providence, and the guidance of his Spirit; this I do continually ask for; I endeavour not to dwell on what is past, but to look at, and duly estimate *present blessings* and privi-

leges. The Lord sees that I am not an apt scholar; I require much correction, so he sends me about, in my journey through this wilderness; yet, by the power of Divine grace, my eye is fixed, and my steps tend to the land of promise. You will help me to praise Him for this, and the thousands of blessings I have received at his hand; and, though I do not hear you, as I was once accustomed to do, yet it affords me much comfort to believe that you will not fail to do this; there is no day, on which the sun rises and sets upon the earth, but finds me making mention of you at the footstool of his throne, who *alone* is able to bless and save us. Do you remember, when first the Lord appointed you to be my teacher, upon my saying, when coming from the Octagon Chapel, 'that though I was not allowed to join the Society, yet as I could attend all the means of grace, I hoped I should suffer no loss?' 'There is one thing' you observed, 'which you will be deprived of—the *prayers of the people.*' I instantly felt conscious of the value of such a blessing, and our God, in infinite mercy, opened the way, and put me in possession of that privilege and still en-

ables me, in some degree, to estimate its worth.

“The friends here are very kind, but except in the chapel or in the class, I have not much intercourse with them; they live at some distance, and I am still such a poor walker, and most of them are engaged in some business; by the bye, what with business, and pleasure, it appears to me to be no easy matter to get to Heaven from this place; you will say, neither is it, from *any* part of this polluted earth; no, and blessed be the Lord our God, for having taught us, that by the power of redeeming love, and sanctifying grace *alone*, can we ever be brought safe through, and gain an entrance into glory.

“It often appears as a dream to me, when I find myself the leader of your dear Sister Warren’s class; when the probability that I should be so appointed, was first intimated to me, I thought of Jonah, when he ‘*went down to Joppa*’; but I remembered this expression, so often used by me, when my heart most abounded with grateful feelings, for mercies so abundant, so unmerited. ‘What wouldst thou have me to do?’ so we go on pretty well con-

sidering there are fourteen members ; I wish we had some poor persons in it, for I fear it might be called a "*Ladies' Class*." Do, I pray you, remember us on Tuesday morning at 11 o'clock.

"I am sorry to hear that you are at all nervous; you know I am a *capital doctor*, this is my advice *gratis*, take plenty of exercise in the open air; and of medicine as little as possible; never mind the weather, if you have no cough; only keep your feet dry, and put on suitable clothing. I have found this very beneficial to myself; my health is much as usual, and for this I desire to be thankful.

"I am only five minutes in walking to the chapel, and meet the class in the vestry.

"Your friend, in every sense of the word,

"SARAH BROSTER."

Memoranda.

"*London, June 6, 1826.*—I have this day received my first quarterly ticket in this place, from Mr. M'Nicol, as the leader of the late Mrs. Warren's class. I trust the appointment is of God. The members believe that it is in answer to Mrs. W.'s prayer that I have been sent here, as they were like sheep without a

shepherd. 'What wouldst thou have me to do?' has been my constant enquiry ever since I obtained mercy from God; knowing that He will not be mocked with unmeaning words, I have not dared to refuse the call of of his people, or the openings of his providence. The Lord enables me to resist evil reasonings, which would disturb my mind and weaken my faith. I plead the promises suited to my circumstances, and am strengthened. I see the necessity of applying continually to my great High Priest for that personal piety, which will make me a blessing to his people, and enable me at last, to give a good account of my stewardship. The enemy knows how to distress me, but I find the Lord knows how to deliver me, and am thankful.

"July, 8th, 1826.—Many of my friends enquire, whether I keep a journal. I do not; but I have a constant inclination to declare to all around me, the wonders of redeeming love—the love of God to me! I have a daily, humiliating consciousness of my defects and demerits, and a daily blessed assurance of his pardoning grace; through faith in my Saviour's

blood, I am continually partaking of the blessings of the new covenant, receiving the fulfilment of promises suited to my necessities, and have a bright, encouraging—and at times *transporting* prospect of a glorious immortality.

I feel power to look to Jesus in temptation, whether of prosperity or adversity, and out of his plenteous fountain receive holy love, wisdom and patience, and thus more fully comprehend the power of faith."

Without date. "My present experience corresponds with the words of the hymn,

And can it be that I should gain,
An interest in the Saviour's blood;
Died He for me who caused his pain—
For me who Him to death pursued!
Amazing love! How can it be,
That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me!

"I feel the spirit of God bears testimony to every sentence I utter, and my humbled, wondering soul pours out grateful praises to my God. I acknowledge his guiding hand, his preserving providence, and the instruments He has used to instruct and encourage me. I might here put down a long list of the names of the Lord's people, who, in his hands, were

made special blessings to me ; but I always have been, and am still fearful, of thinking too highly of the creature, instead of having my every thought absorbed in the mercy and wisdom of Him, who inspired and fitted the instrument for his own work ; but the Lord knows, I have never failed to pray for them, and feel the most sincere and tender christian friendship towards them ; hoping and expecting to meet them in the paradise of God, where we shall all unite in giving all praise and glory to our Jesus, for ever and ever !”

In the year 1829, Miss Broster returned to reside once more, in the neighbourhood of Chester, at Brook-Cottage, her former lovely residence. The following letter was written, soon after her arrival, to one of her beloved friends over whom she had anxiously watched and prayed.

To Miss Pocock, Trevor Terrace, Knightsbridge.

Brook Lodge.

“MY-DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

“Many pleasing and profitable thoughts occurred to my mind, when I found myself, once more in the place where I was born,

and where my soul was born again of the Spirit. On reviewing the years that have rolled by, from that day even until now, I find the Lord has not failed to comfort, defend, instruct and provide for me. Thousands of spiritual blessings, I have received at his hands, for which, I feel some grateful love; but the deficiency is so great, when compared with what is due, that I should be utterly cast down were it not that I receive power, by faith, to view the state and employments of the blessed in Heaven, when my trembling heart cries out, 'O Lord Jesus! Thou must bring *me* also to that place, where my happy soul shall have *power* to offer *eternal praises* to the Triune God. The impression made upon my mind at our last meeting, is likely to remain there; for I knew that, if possible, I should depart early the next morning, but durst not trust myself to name it.—But I must have done with this subject, only adding that the Lord knows I love you, and I think that my prayers for my class, and my dear Chelsea friends will almost keep pace with their own; and, under an impression of the character of God, as revealed in his word,

the blessings I ask for you all are inestimable and eternal.

“I bore the journey quite as well as I expected, though the weather was not very propitious; for we had violent storms of lightning and thunder, and a deluge of rain. One of them overtook us just as we were passing along a road, shaded by large lofty trees. I do not remember ever to have seen such forked lightning, accompanied at the instant by an exceedingly loud clap of thunder. The Lord gave me a praying and believing heart, and a mind perfectly composed. In a few minutes—instead of a repetition which I expected—I beheld, at a little distance from each other, two of the most beautiful, perfect rainbows I ever saw. It was altogether such a display of God’s power to punish and destroy, and also of His remembrance of the everlasting covenant, with fallen, rebellious, ungrateful man, as produced thoughts and sensations I cannot describe. I was enabled to walk to chapel and back on Sunday and Monday. I was surprised and affected, when, in giving out the first hymn, the minister pronounced these words :

'Thou, Lord, hast blest my going out,
O bless my coming in ;
Compass my weakness round about,
And keep me safe from sin.'

"You will readily believe, that my heart said *amen* to that prayer. I went into the bands for a little while, just to bear my testimony, and make my acknowledgment of the faithfulness of God. These kind-hearted people seemed to receive me as one risen from the dead—it will be a great mercy, if you do not, all of you, entirely spoil me ; but this reflection keeps me safe, I am only what the Lord makes me ; and you love me because I love Him ; this thought is as a stream that carries me to the *fountain*, and keeps me a lowly, grateful suppliant at His feet ; there may I ever abide until, He says "it is enough, enter thou unto the joy of thy Lord." What a salvation ! who would not use all the powers of body and soul to obtain it ! * * * *

"And now, my dear friends,—for this letter is intended for, and written to you all that desire to hear from me, or of me—as all things in this life are uncertain, we may not meet again here, but wherever it shall be, may our

hearts be filled with the love of Jesus, and our tongues utter, with grateful joy, his praises! May the richest blessings of God in Christ Jesus descend and abide upon you all, is the prayer of your affectionate friend and sister in the Lord,

“SARAH BROSTER.”

Mrs. Scott, now residing in Belgrave Place, Pimlico, was one of those with whom Miss Broster had been accustomed to hold communion on spiritual things, and who had the privilege of frequent friendly intercourse with her; I extract a portion of a letter to that lady, sent soon after the date of the foregoing.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“I can never forget the day I first saw you in the house of God; and the morning you so kindly called and took me to class; from first to last, during the three years I abode amongst you, I received acts of attention and affection. Now from all this you had a claim upon me, and might justly expect my first letter to be addressed to *you*; but as it was a sort of general epistle, I thought

I would direct it to the Benjamin of the flock, who, I knew, would take the trouble of informing all my dear friends of my safe arrival, and would speedily inform me of every thing concerning those, from whom I was separated, most probably, for all the days of my mortal life. For the moment this thought pains me, but it is instantly succeeded by a sensation of deep, heartfelt gratitude to God, who has redeemed us, and has prepared for us an inheritance, where, if we once enter, there will be no more separation for ever! That word *if* affects my heart, there is such an awful importance attached to it. It would be well to remember it every day of our lives, for though the inheritance is purchased, and promised to us, by unbelief, remissness, or undue attachment to the creature, we may fail in complying with the conditions, and in preserving that prepared state of the soul, described so impressively in the Scriptures of truth.—The world thinks we make “too much ado,” but we know and confess with shame and confusion of face that we make *too little*, and are prone to give more attention to the things of time than to the

white robe, the balm, and the crown. I have just been singing the hymn beginning with

‘Come Holy Ghost, all-quickenings fire,
Come and my hallowed heart inspire,
Sprinkled with the atoning blood;’

“would to God that I, and all I love, were this day in possession of all the blessings named in it! * * * *”

The following letter also was addressed to Miss Pocock.

“MY DEAR CHILD, MY DEAR FRIEND,

“For the feelings of my heart towards you suit both these expressions, and I did not know which to choose. As charity covereth a multitude of faults, I will not particularize my *many* excuses for not writing, though I think them cogent ones. It was only the day before I received yours, I was observing to a friend, that I was afraid I should lose every correspondent, being so shamefully in arrears to all of them; but your letter came just in time to cheer, encourage, and bless me, for I find that you still love and endeavour to serve Him whom

my soul loveth, the giver of every heavenly and gracious feeling; so we are one in Him, united by his Spirit to Him and to each other. We are bound with the Psalmist to 'tell it out among the people,' not only that 'the Lord is KING,' but that 'God is LOVE!' the most blessed intelligence that ever reached the ear of the apostate race of Adam. This news has passed through the ear to the heart of countless myriads, many of whom are now before the throne; and many, like you and me, are still contending and overcoming, not in our own strength, or by our own wisdom, but by the power and love of that divine Friend who directs, strengthens, and delivers us. When he says 'it is enough,' many, many more will follow, and join the church triumphant. What a glorious company! I know that God will impart the faculty, but I find it difficult to comprehend how we shall recognize each other with the glorified body, the white robe, and the crown. O Jesus! all praise and glory be given to thee, not only thus on paper, or in words, but in every action of our devoted lives. Amen. You cannot conceive the tender affection I

feel when morning and evening I plead for my Chelsea class. I think my desire for your spiritual welfare increases with every additional year of separation. From Mr. Turner's description of your leader, I have a clear recollection of her person; give my kind regards to her, and tell her that I constantly pray for her as the leader of my charge, and I trust she will do the same for me. I have many invitations to Liverpool, Manchester, &c., but I dare not attempt to go from home, I feel such debility of body, besides several irremovable complaints, that I cannot bring myself to venture from this spot, where I hope to end my days, though there is not a creature upon earth who would take more delight in beholding the faces of those she loves so much. The thought that I have seen you for the last time often melts my heart: I am obliged to fix my eye of faith on my Father's house, where I hope and expect to meet you. The time *must* be short with me, for in five days I shall have one year added to the *three-score*. We have had an excellent missionary meeting here: there was a good feeling. Our beautiful chapel was

quite full: collection ninety-seven pounds. The Lord is truly doing great things in the earth.

"I know, that through grace you have taken the Lord for your portion, therefore feel assured that He will direct your every step, only keep in the very centre of the path pointed out in his word; for there, and there only, does the light shine clearly. There will be no breach in his promise if there be no breaking of our covenant. May the Lord help us to watch and pray, that we may continue faithful unto death. Never was there so much reason to keep the end continually in view as now, for surely we live in perilous times. I trust the Lord has preserved you, and all my dear Chelsea friends, from this awful pestilence; it has nearly subsided here. The Lord still in mercy enables me to attend his house, my class, &c., and especially to love Him above all creature-good, as well as his people and his cause. So you must mingle your prayers for me with praises to Him who has done marvellous things for and to his most unworthy servant, and your faithful friend,

"SARAH BROSTER."

"P.S. When did you see Mrs. Jackson ?* I hope the Lord's work prospers in her hands. I beg my most affectionate christian love to her, to your father, mother, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Thursby, Mrs. Kruse, and Mrs. Horn, of whose health I was sorry to receive your account. I sympathize with her, and hope that the means her friends use for the health of her body, and those that God uses for the health of her soul, may be for her present and eternal good."

Mrs. Pocock, after a protracted affliction was called to leave her affectionate and distressed family, and enter into the rest of the people of God. Miss Broster deeply sympathized with her bereaved friends, and addressed the following letter to Miss Pocock.

"What shall I say to you my dear and much afflicted friend ; my heart feels for you, and sympathizes with you and your dear family, but in the midst of sorrow, on account of your

* The lady of the late J. Jackson, Esq., R. A., who soon after the date of this letter, triumphantly finished his course, after having been for some time a member of the Methodist society.

bereavement, I feel assured that the Lord comforts you, because of his mercy and the truth of his promises, which are numerous and invaluable under all circumstances, but especially to the *troubled*, believing heart.—Read, my dear child, the xliii. chap. of Isaiah, which, under similar circumstances, when I saw the shades of death appear upon my dear and most affectionate father's countenance, afforded me strength, submission, and consolation. God, even our own God, was there, and still continues faithful to his promise—Glory and praise be unto his name for ever! When I left London, I thought that most probably, I should never see her again in this world; but I hoped to meet her, and I now believe I shall, at the right hand of God in heaven, where our united prayers will be fully answered, and our united praises be eternal! I have such a view of the blessedness of escaping from the snares of this world, and the enemy of souls—of the glories, the perpetual and exquisite enjoyments of that other world, that her state appears to me to be altogether most enviable. O Jesus! Thou Redeemer of a sinful world! increase abundantly the love thou hast en-

kindled in our hearts, and let that love produce a more constant and perfect obedience to all thy righteous will; may our constant expression and experience be, 'For me to live is Christ, and to die is *gain*.' And what is the gain? Heaven!—a state of perpetual happiness of which we read much and conceive more, especially when our souls have most intimate communion with God; and what we know not now, we shall know hereafter. Our friends who are gone before could unfold to us such a tale, as would embitter to us all the enjoyments of this life. Ah! my love, the fulfilment of that promise, 'Where I am, there shall ye be also,' will make ample amends for all the trials and painful bereavements that we have now to pass through in this wilderness.

"I am this day sixty-three years old; I have I trust, made a solemn and sincere dedication of myself to God, praying for that grace which will enable me to become and continue a *more faithful* servant and follower of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Help me by your prayers, that when I am weighed in the balances I may not be found wanting.

At the commencement of the following year, we find Miss Broster, with great solemnity, renewing her covenant engagement with God. Many can join their testimony with hers, of the blessedness of this service; her own record will best describe it.

“1830. Ever since the day, the blessed day, that God, in mercy, revealed his pardoning love to my soul—since I could, with perfect confidence, call Him *my* Father, Christ *my* Saviour, the Holy Spirit *my* Sanctifier, I have been enabled with sincerity, at the commencement of every year, to enter into a solemn covenant with God, that my life should be devoted to his service, and my words and actions such as become his servant. Now I had not have dared to do this, in the presence of a heart-searching God, but that I believed in, and depended on the truth of his promise for grace, and continual help; how far I have kept this covenant, and how far I have departed from it—God alone knows. This much I can say to his praise, that I have not wickedly departed in heart, and intention from his will and ways; but this I must

say, to my own shame and sorrow, that I have come short of what I ought to have been, and of what I ought to have done, because I have not given full credence to the promises, and appropriated them to myself, as a believer in Christ. May the Lord forgive this lack of faith, which has deprived me of many blessings, and perhaps, exceedingly hindered my usefulness, in the church of God, and in the world.—As it respects *myself*, I have the most perfect confidence in the atonement and intercession of Christ, *my Saviour*; but as it respects those who are dear to me, I am too apt to be improperly careful. When God favours me with the power deeply to meditate on the truths of the Gospel, I have such a view of his revealed character, as causes rivers of tears to flow down my cheeks, because I do not love and serve Him better, and because my soul so ardently desires to be *with* Him; in anticipation I stretch out my hand, and lift up my voice—"Behold, behold, the *Lamb*! This is that which exhilarates my soul more than descriptions of the *company*, the *glories*, the happiness of Heaven, because all centres in *Him*, and without Him I feel there would

be no Heaven for me.—Nothing can satisfy my soul, either here or hereafter, but the presence and love of Jesus, the sinner's friend who enables me to enquire of death—'*where is thy sting?*' and of the grave—'*where is thy victory?*' Come and help me, ye ransomed, to speak and sing his praise! And now, Lord, though still in this desert land, only safe while thou savest—only happy when thou comfortest me,—fulfil thy promise! Never leave nor forsake me, till thou hast brought my soul to that place, where it never more can be separated from Thee, and eternity will be too short to speak thy praise!

“SARAH BROSTER.”

“*April 26th, 1830.*—I have this day, attained my sixtieth year, the Lord having been my preserver—I have experienced much of his bounty and patience, his power and love. On looking back upon my life, I can see nothing that affords me the least satisfaction as it respects *my* words or doing. Indeed, excepting the last eighteen years, it was a life of continued disobedience to the divine will, selfish and worldly, instead of a life of devotedness

to God. But when I was enabled, in the year 1812, to cast my guilty soul upon the atonement made by Christ, and through him felt pardon and peace, I may truly say, I experienced a complete change in heart and nature. My labouring soul cannot find words that will in any wise, express my sense of this mysterious, inestimable blessing,—the love of God in Christ Jesus! through whom I have received the spirit of adoption, and from that day to this, have been enabled to say, ‘*my* Lord and *my* God!’

Without date.

“When I awoke this morning, I did not feel my heart so quickened by gratitude and love, as I expected, but rather depressed by a sense of my unworthiness and unprofitableness; but if I could not praise the God of my salvation as I ought, and as I desired, yet this I could and did do—prostrate myself before his mercy-seat, and with a heart melted and humbled, present my sacrifice, assisted by the Holy Spirit to do it in sincerity and truth—the sacrifice of body, soul and spirit, with all their powers and faculties; entering into a solemn

covenant with my Maker, Redeemer, and Sanctifier, that I should still be his on his own terms, under all circumstances, and for ever. My God has hitherto delivered, comforted, and saved me. He removes from my mind the fear of death, and in many, many happy seasons, gives by the indwelling of his Spirit, a foretaste, and an assurance that, if faithful, I shall be a partaker of eternal happiness, with him in Heaven. O Jesus! be pleased to accept the offering, and to impart the grace necessary, that this covenant may be faithfully kept by thy weak, worthless, and dependant follower.

“SARAH BROSTER.”

“*October, 16th, 1830.* The Lord knows that, through his grace, I do sincerely, and constantly desire the light of his Spirit, to enable me to discern the real state of my immortal soul, which must in a short time, and perhaps, a *very* short time, take its flight from this frail body, and this polluted earth, into an eternity of exquisite happiness, or insufferable misery! and yet, how passing strange it is, that man, who by nature is inclined to seek happiness, and to fly from misery, should dare to disregard God’s

warning, instruction and invitation, and brave the consequence with a presumptuous boldness, or complete indifference. From such a state of indifference and disregard of God's will, the Lord in mercy has delivered me! and now life is valuable only as far as I can devote it *to*, and use it *for* the glory of the Lord Jesus! who with so many pangs of body, and of soul redeemed me, from death and hell;—and now instead of the dreadful expectation of hearing the sentence “Depart from me &c.” I have the joyful anticipation of ‘Come ye blessed of my Father.’

“1830.—Blessed and happy are they whose ‘God is the Lord;’ through mercy, I can with confidence say, ‘the Lord is my God.’ There are seasons when the languor of this mortal frame seems to weigh down and damp the vigour of my mind; yet the predominant desire of my heart is, to serve God and to love Him; all other things seem of inferior importance, this is my constant aim, the subject of continual prayer, and though conscious of unfaithfulness and unfruitfulness, yet I seek for greater power, faith, and holy influence, because I

know it is God's will, that I should receive every blessing of the new and better covenant.

"Sunday, January, 1831.—Through the mercy of my God I can still say, 'I know that *my* Redeemer liveth.' His kind providence and watchful care, have brought me safely through the past year, and vouchsafed me the blessed privilege of appearing, on the first sabbath of the new year, in his temple, there to partake of the blessed tokens of his dying love, and, in the presence of his people, renew my solemn covenant to be his, on his own terms, for all the remaining days of my life. I did this, depending on his promise to his people—'My grace is sufficient for thee,' and encouraged by the consciousness that by the operations of his Spirit, there was nothing in my heart opposed to this duty. If my God in Christ keep my soul from the power of the destroyer one other year, I hope, for the twentieth time, to present the same unworthy sacrifice, into the hands of Him, who, with his own blood, has redeemed it from the power of satan, the just displeasure of God, and eternal death! Mar-

vellous has been thy mercy, O Lord God Almighty !

“*Sunday, May 8, 1831.*—Thou, O Lord, preservest the souls of thy people, and art a very present help in time of need; for though, through indisposition of body, I have this day, been deprived of appearing in thy temple to worship with thy people, yet thou hast comforted and refreshed my soul, even before I awoke, for, though I very seldom dream, yet I thought we were all dwelling in tents, and as I was returning to mine, I saw this motto placed on the top of it, ‘The Lord is my portion.’—The feelings of my grateful heart awoke me, and I had a few hours of delightful and profitable meditation, and holy communion through the Spirit, with my gracious condescending Lord, and only *portion*, who thus furnished me, with a text for the whole day, and did not permit me to suffer any loss, but blessed me abundantly, by increasing my faith, filling my soul with holy, humble reverence, and my heart with gratitude and love. And now, through thy grace, O Lord Jesus! thou knowest I can with truth use this ex-

pression, 'Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and there is none upon earth, that I desire in comparison of Thee' for Thou art the strength of my heart, and my PORTION for ever !

" *December, 16th, 1831.*—A day set apart for fasting and prayer, to intercede with God to spare this guilty land, at this time, visited with that direful disease, the Cholera; which in other countries has carried its tens of thousands into eternity !

It has been to my body a day of fasting, but to my soul, a day of blessing ! especially, whilst partaking of the sacrament, with a few of the Lord's people, at the bed-side of a sick friend, whose infirmities of body have confined her there, for many years, but whose happy soul enjoys a constant sense of the favour and presence of her Lord and Saviour, Jesus, the sinner's friend, the guide, comforter, and portion of his people.

" *April, 16th, 1832.*—It is sixty two years, this day, since my existence first commenced, in this fallen, apostate world ; and, except the last twenty, I lived in a state of rebellion against God ; for I heard his word and obeyed

it not.—I gave him a very small portion of my thoughts, and of my time; but I withheld my heart, though not ignorant of this command, this invitation, '*My Son, give me thy heart.*' And had it not been a blessed truth, that the world was redeemed by the death of Christ, I must inevitably have suffered eternally the penalty due to my transgressions.—But O the patience, forbearance, and mercy of my God! Well may I say, 'If I forget thee, may my right hand forget its cunning.'—For Thou hast for thy name-sake, caused me to know Thee, as my pardoning God, my all-sufficient Saviour, my Comforter, and Sanctifier; and hast enabled me, in humility and sincerity, to present unto Thee my worthless heart.—Through faith I know that thou hast accepted it for Jesus' sake; that thou wilt keep what I have committed to thy care in his name; that thou art renewing my nature, and preparing my ransomed soul for heaven; and thou causest me to make melody in my heart, saying,

'Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever.'

"SARAH BROSTER."

“*Chester, Sept. 25th, 1832.*—How kind and gracious the Lord is to his poor, unworthy servant! This evening I intended to go to the Church Missionary meeting, but not feeling well, I sent the family, and, so being alone and quite free from interruption, I felt much of the presence of God, and especially in singing the hymn called, ‘Wrestling Jacob,’—every word seemed to be the sentiment of my own heart—a heart under divine influence. I knew that I spoke to a present Saviour, his own Spirit, producing faith and love, great tenderness of heart with humility, gratitude, and praise.—I *know* and I *feel* that ‘his nature, and his name is Love!’” I trust that this consciousness will never abate, but continually increase through time and eternity.—Amen, Lord Jesus, for I know it is *thy will*, and *my privilege*; my faith has hitherto been too scanty, my love has borne no proportion to what was due to Thee, for all the benefits I am *conscious* of having received at thy hands. Ah! how *little* can I comprehend in this my fallen state, of thy love, thy forbearance, thy mercy to me and all the race of Adam—its length, and depth, and breadth, and height!

Well, a few more struggles, the day is *fast* approaching when I shall see Thee! Truly the thought of this amazing bliss, is my chief joy, and the hope—more precious than life—deadens me, to the things of this world; to all that my eye ever saw, or my ear ever heard of—for I read, and believe, that there is prepared some better thing for me! and through his all-sufficient grace I can say,

‘I know thee, Saviour who thou art,
Jesus the feeble sinner’s friend;
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end.’

My friend, *my* portion, and *my* all! For ever blessed be thy name, O Lord Jehovah!

“1832.—On the first day of the new year, and that a sabbath day, I had the longed-for privilege of attending the services at the Lord’s house, at covenant and the sacrament. The Spirit of my God sweetly operating on my soul the whole of the day, I had the clearest assurance that I worshipped in Spirit and in truth *my* God, *my* Saviour, and *my* Comforter; the surrender of myself in solemn

covenant to Him, required no effort, Christ having full possession of my heart, I could present a willing sacrifice on that sacred altar, which I knew would render it acceptable to God; therefore with a heart melted with tenderness and humble confidence, I felt assured that he would still bless me, and, if faithful, eternally save me!

O Jesus what shall I say of thy mercy, and love to thine unworthy, helpless creature; I would call on all thy saints on earth, and all the host of heaven to help me to praise thee!

“S. BROSTER.”

“*January, 1833.*—If I had ‘the pen of a ready writer,’ I might fill volumes in attempting to speak of ‘the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord!’ It is a never-failing fountain, at which my thirsty soul is refreshed and strengthened; by faith, I see him as my all-sufficient Saviour, and my friend, who comforts and encourages me; I know He lives, I know He pleads, and God hears Him, and loves me for his sake! And art thou not, O my soul, satisfied with this? No—I want to be changed more and

more into his image, such a burning, permanent love to him in my heart, as shall govern my every thought, word and action. I bless his holy name, as far as I can judge, I believe He has no rival there, neither person nor thing—‘The things that are seen’ are no longer desirable nor valuable to the soul that believes this promise, ‘We shall see him as he is.’ Thy word declares it; thy people anticipate, and long to behold this *beatific vision*! And seeing that nothing less than the renovating, sanctifying operations of thy Holy Spirit, can entitle, and render me capable of beholding thy glory, let thy grace be continually poured into my immortal, ransomed soul.—I have nothing to bring to purchase, or merit such a blessing, but *I remember Calvary! Thou diedst for me*, and upon this rock, I build my hope of present and everlasting happiness! **HALLELUJAH!**

“1833.—What I think is exceedingly detrimental to our growth in grace is, we are so apt to forget that God in his word, calls our probationary state a *warfare*, and continually speaks of *fighting, striving, wrestling*; now

there are many precious promises in the scriptures that can be fulfilled only, when we are brought into this state; and it seems as if we would rather loose the promised blessing, than endure the trial, which could alone make us the characters entitled to it, though it is invaluable! The Lord is very patient, and knows our proneness to forget that 'This is not our rest,' and so uses many means to wean us from things temporal, and fix our affections on things above; to produce in our minds humility, patience, resignation to his will, reliance upon his providential care, and a remembrance that He hath said, that He will make all things to work together for good to them that love Him. Lord, help me always to remember, that *Christ loves me*, and has given Himself *for me*; and with Him I have all things—thy favour, thy Spirit, and eternal life! Blessed be thy holy name, thou Triune God, for ever and ever!

"*January*, 1833.—As 'The Spirit of God hath made me, and the breath of the Almighty hath given me life,' so I know, that the Spirit of the Lord hath converted my soul; that

his grace abideth there, and that Christ, for whose sake I have been thus favoured, is increasingly precious to me. Though by nature sinful, by practice rebellious and disobedient—through mercy I heard of a Saviour, found I needed one, believed that when sought, He could, and would save even me; his word declared it, and He proved his faithfulness to his promise; how shall I speak his praise! Oh! for the tongue of an Archangel! for my full heart means more than *my* tongue can utter; but *patience* my longing soul! for the years are rolling swiftly away, another has gone into eternity; I expect soon, O Jesus! to be where thou art; and then I shall vie with the Archangel in sounding forth thy praise; for I have more cause. Thou hast saved me from going down to the pit, thou hast paid the ransom; so my soul, thus purchased, is precious in thy sight, and I again surrender it to thee, together with my mortal body, to be thine on thine own terms. O give me grace! a goodly portion thou knowest I shall need, to render me capable of paying my many vows unto the Lord, but not more than Thou hast promised to give to the seeking, desir-

ing, dependent soul. Thus my hand writes what my inspired, renewed, and humble heart dictates; and to thy name, O Lord Jehovah! gives all the praise and glory.

“SARAH BROSTER.”

“*June, 1833.*—Some impending circumstances have lately very much agitated my mind; but according to my merciful Saviour’s promise, He has made these things to work together for my good. I have felt my helplessness, and fled to the strong tower, and there have found shelter, encouragement, and comfort, casting my care upon Him. Through the grace imparted to my soul I have been enabled to ask and to desire that his will may be done, in preference to mine. I feel and know him to be my reconciled Father, —Jesus, my Friend and Advocate,—the Holy Spirit, my Comforter and Director,—*the great JEHOVAH, my All and in All.*”

“*December, 1833.*—The day has been so wet and stormy that I have been prevented meeting my class, but my condescending Lord and Master has deigned to meet with

me whilst I was bearing them on my heart, and placing them by faith before the mercy-seat. The spirit of prayer was poured into my happy, waiting soul, and I consciously experienced the presence of Him whom my soul loveth, Jesus, my Saviour, my atoning High Priest, and all-prevailing Intercessor! What a mercy to have such a friend before the Throne! That holy Being whom I had disobeyed and offended, but who is now reconciled to me through Him who purchased me with his own blood, has sent his own Spirit to bear *witness* with my spirit that I am reconciled to God, and to make me a partaker of that peace which passeth all understanding! Lord, thou hast promised 'never to leave or forsake me,' and on this thou hast caused me to trust.

"*December, 1833.*—'My people shall be satisfied with my goodness, saith the Lord.' I bear my grateful testimony to the truth of this promise which has, times without number, been fulfilled to me, his most unworthy child. The experience of threescore years has enabled me to prove that there is

no other being, and no created thing that can satisfy the desires and capacities of an immortal soul ; a soul redeemed with blood divine ! which being washed in the blood of the covenant, is rendered capable of bearing and enjoying the effulgence of his presence, the sacred incomprehensible bliss of his heaven ! ‘O for a heart to praise my God.’ I trust, through thy grace, that I do love Thee with all my heart, soul, mind, and strength, and my neighbour as myself. O Jesus ! it is well to put our cause into thy hands, for thou canst not plead in vain : Thou lovest the souls that thou hast bought so dear, and it is not, nor ever will be, a vain thing to put our trust in thee. Grant me faith and a pure conscience that I may be continually receiving from Thee, and continually using what Thou givest to thine own praise and glory.

“1834.—Through grace and mercy my life has been preserved another year, and by the help and inspiration of the Holy Spirit, I have on this day, January 1st, 1834, again renewed my covenant, making a full sur-

render of myself, and all I have, to the service of the Lord, who has enabled me to do so with gratitude and humility at the commencement of each year since 1812; that memorable year, when new life was brought into my soul; divine love shed abroad in my heart; a new song put into my mouth, of praise and thanksgiving to my merciful Saviour, having found redemption in his blood, even the forgiveness of all my sins. From that day to this He has preserved this living spark of holy, humble love; and I believe that, fanned by the wings of the Heavenly Dove, it burns more clearly and brightly than ever. To dedicate myself unreservedly to Him who gave me my being,—to Him who suffered, bled, and died, to save my precious soul,—to Him by whom I was enlightened and converted,—is now performed, not only as a duty, but as a blessed privilege. With a glad heart and free, Jesus being present with me, the surrender was full and unreserved. I believe that He will keep what I have committed to his care, for He is a covenant-keeping God. He knows that my shortcomings have been many, my performances

all defective; but I remember Calvary, and build my every hope for the present and the future on the 'Rock of Ages.' This supports and cheers me under weakness of body, defect of memory, and various trials and temptations. The Lord is my God; blessed be his Name for ever and ever. Amen.

"SARAH BROSTER."

CHAPTER III.

“‘Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly.’ In the meanwhile, it is not heaven that can keep thee from me. It is not earth that can keep me from thee. Raise thou up my soul to a life of faith with thee: let me ever enjoy thy conversation, while I expect thy return.”

BP. HALL.

“To live is Christ, and to die is gain.”

ST. PAUL.

MISS BROSTER continued to reside in the neighbourhood of Chester, enjoying the society of her oldest and valued friends, until the year 1834, when she was again called to follow the cloud, which began to move towards another place. Gladly would she have remained

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to die, when she began to live; but providence otherwise determined, and she acquiesced. She began now to feel some of the infirmities of age, and would have desired exemption from a long journey, the necessary bustle of change of residence, and the pain of parting from old friends to form new associations. She believed, however, that she heard the voice, that bid her leave again, and for the last time, "the place of her birth"; and that was enough, she obeyed, and would have done so, had she been called to exchange her delightful residence, for one much less desirable than that which was prepared for her. In the prospect of this removal, she writes,—“The probability of my being removed from this my native place, and my very dear christian friends, especially my class, has very much exercised my mind, and caused me to prove whether I meant what I daily repeat, ‘Thy will be done.’ The Lord being my refuge and strength, I have been enabled to possess my soul in patience, and with a degree of composure, to submit my will to his; beseeching Him to fix the bounds of my habitation, and to ‘bless my going out and coming in.’ He gives me continual proofs of this blessed truth

'He careth for thee.' This brings peace and consolation to my soul."

Soon after her arrival in East-Cowes, she sent the following letter to Mrs. Bowers, of Chester, the daughter-in-law of her late excellent and beloved friends, who had, some years before, finished their course and joined the church triumphant.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"April 14.—I cannot describe to you the tender feelings of my heart, whilst I attempt to write to you—feelings of love, and an ardent desire that God would bless you and your's. The Lord graciously preserved my body from harm, whilst it was dragged along by six galloping horses for many miles. He also kept my mind in perfect peace, for my soul had sweet communion with its Lord. The purpose for which He has brought me here, I cannot at present discover, but I can leave it with Him, remembering, that which I know not now, I shall know hereafter; and I am willing to wait patiently till then, for I am sure the explanation will produce in my happy soul, a song of praise to Him, who hath loved me, and been my guide

in all my journey through this dangerous wilderness. On the 26th of this month I shall have been sixty-four years on my way ; so that the heavenly Canaan, which now I see only by faith, will soon burst upon my ravished sight, in all its indiscribable and inconceivable glory and beauty. Sometimes, as the tear rolls down my cheek, I say ‘O Lord how long?’ but mind, I am neither impatient nor unhappy ; I leave it all to Him, who gives me daily proofs that He is my very best, and unchangeable friend, and through his all-sufficient grace, I can say that I love Him, and desire to serve Him.

“I am just returned from West-Cowes, having heard a good sermon about *Heaven* from Mr. North. The chapel is almost new, very neat and clean, a good organ and singers, and well attended. I am puzzled about a class, but I mean to go to one this week. When deprived of the outward means, I lift up my eye of faith to my Father’s heaven and *his children’s home*, the manna descends into my longing soul, and I am satisfied. My faith is strengthened, my love increased, and I say, ‘Who is a God like unto our God?’ What a blessing

to be brought into circumstances whereby we prove his faithfulness and truth. Having Christ in the heart, we have all that is necessary for our safety and happiness. May my Lord Jesus continue to me his goodness, and daily portions of his grace, then all will be well for time and for eternity.

“The rattling of the wheels unfortunately prevented my conversing with the ladies, with whom I travelled to Cheltenham; the weather was very fine, and I believe the country very beautiful, though to say the truth, I was thinking of something else. When my dear Brother stepped on board the packet at Cowes, his exceeding great joy, afforded me much gratification, that I had it in my power to make any creature so happy. The house and the view from it, are everything that the human heart could desire, but I will not attempt to describe it, as I hope your eye will behold it.

“16th.—We all mean to go to night to hear Mr. Tarr; our guest, the clergyman, who is very amiable and pious, goes with us. I went last night to the class, but found it did not meet that night, I thought patience is a virtue; so I asked and had it; I find the fountain of bless-

ings is inexhaustible * * I hope you all pray
for your truly affectionate friend,

‘S. BROSTER.’

“P.S. I have better news to tell you: a very nice young woman has just called to ask me to subscribe to the missions, and said they were disappointed that I did not come to the class last night. So you see I mistook the place: I dare say I shall not do it again.”

The following are extracts from memoranda, written on loose scraps of paper.

“*East Cowes, October 10th, 1834.*—I have now resided nearly six months in this place, and have experienced much of the mercy and loving-kindness of my God. I am continually conscious that He watches over me; He cheers my spirits, and enables me to trust in, and love Him above all that I ever saw or heard of; and though I am deprived of many of those means of grace that I used to find so profitable, yet the same God who fed his people with manna in the wilderness,

daily feeds my soul, so that I am not sensible of having suffered any loss, for I know that Jesus is still my Saviour, my Friend, and my Portion. It is marvellous mercy ! My prayer is, that I may feel an increase of love to Him and the souls of my fellow-creatures, so that in my declining years, by precept and example, I may, in his hands, be made an instrument of good to those around me ; and that, as I am again appointed Leader of a class, He may, by his Spirit's influence, instruct me, and encourage me in my weak efforts among the members to lead them to Jesus."

" *Christmas-day, 1834.*—I have been disappointed in my hope of attending the public ordinances of the Lord's house ; but He has again proved to me that all places are alike to Him who looketh upon the heart and heareth prayer. He has condescended to visit my soul, and has given me nearness of access to him, through that same Jesus, whose mercy and love in becoming an inhabitant of this polluted earth, have led my heart out in praise and thanksgiving, and opened therein

a little heaven; thus giving me a foretaste of that blessedness which he has prepared for me *above*. My labouring soul cannot sufficiently praise him, that *here* I grow in grace and in the knowledge and love of God. Truly He is my God. My efforts to serve Him are weak and imperfect, yet I can lift my eye and heart to heaven. Glory to his name for ever!"

The following letter is addressed to her niece, who had lately been made a partaker of the pardoning grace of God.

To Miss E. Broster, Nantwich.

" * * * And now, my dear child, for your most delightful and acceptable letter. It did indeed contain tidings of great joy, and caused me to offer grateful, fervent praise to our all-sufficient and most merciful Redeemer, that He had poured into your soul such a rich and inestimable blessing, compared with which all the riches in the world are mere baubles ; if you are found faithful it is not only a present but an everlasting blessing.

I have been pleading with God, day and night, for twenty-three years, that He would bestow this blessing upon every member of my family; and, unworthy as I am to receive the smallest favour at his hands, yet I have proved that He hears and delights to answer the prayers of his people. How cheering to know, that if adopted into his family, when all the sorrows and trials of this life are past, we shall enter into his rest, and, together with the innumerable company, see Him, and sing his praise to all eternity! The blood of Jesus has bought this blessing for us, the word of Jesus has promised it to us, and that word is '*yea* and *amen*' for ever. Now, when temptation comes, do not be cast down, it is the way to the kingdom; all the Lord's people, in different degrees, have had to pass through it. The 556th hymn has strengthened my faith and cheered my heart for many years. You are distant from the outward means, but when really prevented attending, lift up your heart to God, and He will bless you as you need, for He is an omniscient and omnipresent Being, and He loves us. O that our love to Him were increased a thousand

fold ! Remember that *decision* is of great importance ; you must expect frequent temptation from that diligent, subtle, malignant enemy, and perhaps some from your fellow creatures, but your gracious Master says, ' Follow thou me ; ' and this path is safe, and terminates in a ' land flowing with milk and honey,' ' the rest which remaineth ' for his people. You have known some painful trials, but we have reason to bless God that He has used means, however painful, to enable us to choose Him for our portion. The word *portion* reminds me of a dream I had about two years ago. I thought I was travelling through a wilderness, together with many others, and that we all dwelt in tents. I had strolled out from mine, and when returning, I began to fear I should not be able to distinguish which was my tabernacle ; when looking around I saw one upon which the sun shone very brightly, and over it I beheld this inscription, '*The Lord is my portion.*' With much joy, I exclaimed, ' O, that indeed is my tent,' and awoke. I began to consider, as I so seldom dream, whether it foreboded any thing ; but I felt certain that

I was settled in my native place for the remnant of my days. When, however, my brother declared his desire and intention to reside in this island, I remembered the dream, and, notwithstanding the very painful sensation produced in my mind in the prospect of removing so far, the inscription cheered and comforted me; for I knew that such a portion would keep me safe, and make me happy in any and in every place, and according to my faith it has been done unto me, and my soul does praise the Lord. * * * * *

Memoranda.

“*March 16th, 1835.*—Through the all-prevalent intercession of the Lord Jesus I am still preserved from departing from my God, either in heart or life: his love and peace still reign in my heart and mind. Nearly twelve months have elapsed since I came to reside here, and though deprived of many privileges, the Lord does not suffer me to lack his grace. Jesus is my precious Saviour, my ever present Friend. He is no stranger to my wants, and just gives according to my necessities. So I think I never so *clearly*

knew that I live by faith, and am a partaker of the promises : it is all of mercy, blessed be his Name ! I find seven o'clock always to be a profitable season, for then I am either assembled with his people, or in spirit I meet them at the throne of grace, to pray for the dear members of our society, especially at this period, when we are brought into difficulties through the conduct of Dr. W——. I feel much interested in this affair, but no wrong temper, and still believe that God will overrule it for our spiritual good. I hope we shall be more dependent upon Him, and more obedient. He hath said, 'I will never leave, will never forsake you.'

"N.B. Twenty-three years, this day, my soul was converted to God."

"*April.*—I continue in this place, to prove the faithfulness of the promise, in which the Lord caused me to trust—'I will bless thy going out and thy coming in.' He gives me daily proofs, that his name is *Mercy*, and his nature *Love*. If I know this in time, what shall I know in eternity, when I shall see and hear Him."

To Mrs. Bowers, Chester.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"A thousand thanks to you and dear Dorinda, for the information contained in her letter: every circumstance, connected with those I so dearly love, is most interesting to me. Be of good cheer, God is still the same, unchangeable in his nature, and unlimited in his power. I am much blessed, when pleading with all my heart and soul, that He will take the matter into his hands, and deliver you out of these temptations.

"The other evening when we were singing in our family circle,

'Blest be the dear uniting love,'

you were all in my mind's eye, and though a tear of tender recollection fell from my eye, yet my heart rejoiced that I ever knew you, and that I could anticipate the happiness we should all enjoy, when so engaged in our Father's house.
* * Ofttimes my mind is enlarged as I behold the beauties of creation in this place; and as I take a solitary walk upon the shore, the waves gently rolling at my feet, I look around, and know that no eye sees me but His—no ear hears

me but his; I there solemnly dedicate my body soul and spirit to Him, commending myself, and all that are dear to me, to his mercy and providential keeping; so I remember that I am not my own, my heart is cheered, and I have conscious communion with God, through Christ, my precious Saviour. * * May the Lord bless you all, is the constant prayer of your friend.

“S. BROSTER.”

Memoranda.

“August 11th, 1835.—I ventured to take a long journey with my brother yesterday, and bore it wonderfully well. The scenery exceeded anything I ever saw before for variety and beauty, and whilst he, with John and Amelia, went a mile or two to see a church, I continued to crawl up a narrow path to the top of a high rock, that overhangs the sea—that, and the clear blue sky were alone visible; as my eye glanced around the *wide* expanse, I thought of the Creator of all these wondrous works, and also of those who went upon the mountain to worship him; then I bowed my knee to worship the same God,

and remembered Jesus; and my soul ascended to Him who sitteth on the throne. And there I left a tear, which I believe he has put into his bottle, for there He blessed me. It behoves me to think on these words,—‘To whom much is given, of him will much be required.’ May the Lord continue to help and bless me. *Amen.*”

“*April 26th, 1836.*—This day sixty-six years I first breathed the air of this fallen world; the existence which then commenced, shall continue for ever and ever. Ah, my God! when I consider thy patience with me for forty-two years, when I was so negligent of thy will, and the concerns of my immortal soul, I feel abased before Thee; but, ‘I lift up my eyes to the hills from whence cometh my help,’ my hope as an anchor, is cast within the vail, and my soul rejoices in the mercy and love of God, through Christ Jesus. During these last twenty-four years, I have been in various places of abode, and have had much intercourse with different characters, yet the Lord’s presence has still been with me according to his promise, and wherever

my lot has been cast, I have found his people,
—loved them, and worshipped with them.
Glory be to God !"

The following is I believe, the closing correspondence between Miss Broster, and Mrs. Downs. They had long walked with God, and were now getting near the "heavenly Jerusalem." Mrs. D. entered into rest before her friend only a few months, and left her panting after "the inheritance of the saints in light."

These letters are characteristic of eminently spiritual minds, and, regarding them as the last interchange of affectionate feeling between those who now felt themselves drawing near the end of their course, they possess *additional* interest. Miss Broster's earnest desire after the full felicity of heaven is repeatedly recorded in the foregoing narrative of her Christian experience. She had often looked through her tears to the crown which her Redeemer held in her view, and had said, "*How long, LORD ?*" But now she felt she was near it ; the course was behind, and

was calmly reviewed; it was all along illuminated with the favour, the loving-kindness of her Saviour. A cloud had *never* eclipsed the light of his countenance, and blessings in great abundance and variety bore testimony to the riches of his grace. What a position to occupy! The past all mercy—the future all glory! Deeply conscious of her defects, she wondered at the patience of her Lord, and praised Him that He had never taken from beneath and around her his everlasting arm; and having been borne upon it so long, no fear disturbed the holy calmness with which she waited for the possession of the object of her hope. Heaven seemed to be less a refuge from the storm than the perfection of blessedness already realized. It does not often fall to the lot of Christians to have less of providential trial than Miss Broster had known; for some years there was little of bitterness in her cup, and the comforts which were so thickly scattered around her might well be supposed to make life desirable. She was not either insensible to them: she had an exquisite, because a *sanctified*, delight in what is lovely in nature, and a heart

that reciprocated the warm affections of her family and friends. But the love of God made her spirit buoyant, and while it caused her to appreciate the blessings of her pilgrimage, and made them the subject of thanksgiving, it excited an unquenchable desire to be with CHRIST, and enabled her to rejoice in hope of the glory of God.

“ Oh! where is beauty to the eye,
That once hath gaz'd upon the sky.”

It ought to be remarked that this state of holy peace and hope was attributable, instrumentally, to a diligent attention to the rules laid down in holy scripture for pursuing her course. She pressed towards the mark, and carefully observed the *line*, “knowing that a man is not crowned except he strive *lawfully*.” A life of prosperity has its peculiar temptations as well as a life of poverty; in some cases they are more severe, and are frequently more destructive of spiritual vigour. There are no circumstances which can exempt him, who would make his calling and election sure, from continual watchfulness; *the world*, in some form, is always

presenting its attractions, and the great "adversary, like a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." A life of comparative slothfulness is not likely to close triumphantly; the graces of the spirit must be cherished in order to their being vigorous, and instances are numerous, in which the want of Christian diligence and watchfulness, has caused a cloud to rest over the last days of those who ought to have been strong in the Lord, and "more than conquerors;" when all that could be said of them, was, that they were "scarcely saved." The following pages will briefly describe the character of Miss Broster's religious feelings during the last part of her earthly sojourn.

To Mrs. Downs.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

"Several times I have sat down to write to you, but have been interrupted. I now send by Mr. Maunder, our junior preacher, who, to our great regret, is removed to Sheffield. What a time it is since I had the happiness of seeing you, and how uncertain it is whether

in this world, we shall ever meet again. But how grateful I am to God, that we ever did meet, and that we have the prospect of meeting where we shall part no more! At my first setting out, your instruction and example were, through the mercy of God a blessing to me, and throughout eternity I hope to praise him, for having raised up such an instrument, to lead my wandering steps in the way of peace. Many happy hours have we spent together favoured with the presence of Jesus, whilst worshipping at his feet; and how many who then united with us, have been gathered home to their father's house! After a *few more* struggles, with the arms of Jesus underneath, and sheltered by his wings, we shall be secure from the adversary, and unite with them in singing everlasting praises to our precious Saviour! You must write to me, for I long to know how you and your family are, and your sister Bealey and her's. * * * I find that Dr.— is making sad disturbance at Chester, but, as a people, God has marvellously delivered us, and we will yet trust in Him. This climate agrees with me; I am generally able to cross the ferry, winter and summer, my nephew and

niece accompanying me ; we have very good preachers, and above all, the spirit of God helps my infirmities and carries on the work of grace in my soul, I know assuredly that He is my Father, that I am his child, that Jesus is my Saviour, my Friend, my all in all—blessed, for ever blessed, be his name.”

The following is the answer of Mrs. Downs ; it is dated *Oct. 6th*, 1836 : on the back of it is written, by Miss Broster, “ *Last letter: she died December, 12th.*”

“ I had for some time, been wishing to hear from my very dear old friend, when her truly welcome letter came to hand. * * * Since I had this pleasure, I quite expected to meet my beloved friends, who are safe across the flood in our Father’s house above, but I am permitted again to meet those who are yet on their pilgrimage. All glory be to my gracious and ever faithful God, my comforts have been great ; the ‘ *joy of the Lord* ’ has been ‘ *my strength.* ’ I now rejoice in hope, that ere long we shall meet to praise, redeeming, dying love, where there is no alloy of sickness or

separation. At present I am somewhat better, and may, *perhaps*, be spared a season longer in the church below. I have been taught to work while I have ability. In the prospect of eternity nothing is so joyous as the work of the Lord,—*only* it is worthy our heart. I do truly rejoice that you stand fast in the Lord. Go on, my dear friend, you will reap a full reward; faithful is He who hath called you, and given you grace to be a witness before the world and the church. * * * I am thankful to tell you, that we have lately been in Chester, and found amongst our own people, peace and prosperity; they have sustained little or no harm by the attempts made to disturb them. Poor* * needs our prayers and pity; I trust God will have mercy upon him, and give him a right spirit ere long. Our present residence suits my old age—three minutes' walk from the new chapel in *Erwell-street*. * * *

“My dearest Friend,

“Ever your's most affectionately,

“P. DOWNES.”

Memoranda.

“How full of mercy and truth is Jesus, the

Saviour of sinners ! I have a continual consciousness that it is He, and He alone, who supplies my every want, and still keeps alive the spark of grace, which, by his Spirit, is enkindled in my soul—once so dark, so dead to every thing that pertained to its peace and safety. From that day of special grace unto the present, under all circumstances of trial or prosperity, I have been, and still am able by faith, to look to God and say, ‘Thou art a place to hide me in,’ so that the sun of prosperity has not withered the plant, nor the storm of temptation destroyed it. The pillar of fire, and the cloud, have preserved and guided me, according to the promise of my God.

Oct. 9th, 1836.—“ Whilst engaged in the ordinances of God’s house, my soul feeds as in green pastures, and drinks the streams of living water ; it is truly the chief enjoyment of my life, and through the providence of God, I have generally an opportunity three times a week of partaking of this privilege ; but this evening the rain and wind prevented my crossing the ferry ; so being alone, the Lord has con-

descended to impart to my soul a goodly portion of the same blessing that He is bestowing upon his people, who are assembled in his sanctuary, according to his promise made to those, who wait upon Him. I feel great peace in my mind, and an increasing love to Jesus, *the sinner's friend*; I am, though patiently, waiting his time, with an ardent desire to be with Him, knowing 'there remaineth a rest to the people of God.' For the last twenty-four years, his Spirit has continued to bear witness with my spirit, that I am his child. What an unspeakable mercy! compared with this invaluable blessing, all that the world has to offer is only a vain, worthless shadow. O, for an increase of grateful love to the God of all my mercies, for I am not my own, having been bought with a price!

The following is addressed to Mrs. Roberts, in answer to one from her, conveying the intelligence of her sister, Mrs. Downes' dangerous illness.

East Cowes.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

"How very kind it was of you to remem-

ber in the midst of your anxiety and trouble, that there was one whose undiminished love and gratitude to your family—especially your very dear sister Downes—will continue unto death, yea, and *beyond* it ; for then I hope to unite with them in lauding and magnifying the mercy and love of the Triune Jehovah. It is this thought that cheers me ; for indeed my heart is troubled. I think there is no creature that I so much respected, and so dearly loved. You know what a special blessing she was made to me ; since that time, day and night, I have asked the Lord to reward and bless her. It seems as if I should be left alone, for almost all my first christian friends are taken away ; but the Lord is my Comforter, my Portion, my unchangeable Friend, increasingly precious to my soul, and I submit, through grace enabled to say, ‘Thy will be done.’ Instead of murmuring, my heart burns with gratitude to God for having kept her faithful, and for enabling her to triumph in the closing scene of life. I can readily believe her joy is unspeakable and full of glory ; that Jesus, *of* whom, and *to* whom, I have heard her speak so much, is

faithful to his promise: He never leaves nor forsakes his people. What an invaluable mercy to have such a powerful, loving, omnipresent Saviour! Not a day in the last twenty-four years has past without thinking of her and praying for her; and it would be a gratification, though a mournful one, to see her once more, to receive her blessing and a parting kiss; but we are divided by sea and land, and perhaps by Jordan's flood, but beyond the grave the prospect is bright,—a meeting without a parting! What an anthem of praise will issue from our immortal spirits, when we behold Him, whom having not seen *we love*! Yes, however much we may love the creature, it bears *no* comparison to the love, the sublime adoration of our hearts towards Him who, to redeem us, bled and died on Calvary. He has said, 'Where I am, there shall ye be also;' so let us comfort one another with these words. If your dearest sister is yet alive, tell her—but I have no words to explain the feelings of my loving, troubled heart, so I will not attempt it. My request is that she will offer up another prayer, that He, who has hitherto borne so

patiently with me, will keep me faithful unto death. And do you, and dear Martha, do the same for one, who, having been an inhabitant of this earth sixty-six years, cannot expect to remain much longer. My best love to your sister Bealey. I feel for her, but Jesus will be her Comforter, and, in a short time, we shall be with them who are gone before, and for ever happy, because we shall be for ever with the Lord. * * * Your truly affectionate friend, in the best of bonds,

“SARAH BROSTER.”

The following to Miss Gilbert, of Chester, is, I believe, nearly the last letter Miss B. wrote.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“* * * * * I hope, that for the few remaining days of my life, the Spirit of God will so abide in my soul, that, being fully renewed in righteousness, I shall again, with my very dear friend, Mrs. Downes, and with many others that I *have* known, and many that I do know and love, be blessed, for *ever* blessed, in joining the heavenly chorus of

praise and thanksgiving to our God. The sight of Jesus will fill our spirits with such ecstatic love that they will overflow with perfect, unchangeable bliss. Ah! my dear friend, cast away all your doubts, bring all your cares and perplexities to your Friend and Saviour; then the enemy will have no power to harm you, but his every temptation will prove a blessing to you; only be watchful, faithful, diligent in all the means of grace, and especially in private prayer to Him who seeth in secret. I have been much profited by reading 'Duncan's Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons:' it begins with Winter, and is excellent. What a mercy that God inspires the minds and inclines the hearts of his people to write books so full of instruction, and real experimental religion! It is with difficulty I write this, for I have lately had a strange sensation of numbness, together with some pain in my right arm, which makes it unsteady and soon tired: I do not know what to make of it sometimes, but I leave the matter to the Lord. The former part of this letter has been written some time: I have been, and still am poorly. The influenza has been very prevalent here,

and in some cases fatal; we have hitherto escaped, except one of the servants, and my nephew very slightly. I have taken great care of myself, or rather these people have taken great care of me; so, except on a Sunday morning, I have not been at chapel, or at class, lately. But the Lord does not suffer my soul to lack spiritual food; in mercy He gives me to 'eat of the finest of the wheat,' and my dear nephew repeats to me great part of the sermons; he is to me, indeed, as a most affectionate son. I am thankful that both he and his wife have joined our society. My kindest love to Mrs. Hill of Liverpool: I shall never forget the profitable visit I paid her with our dear departed friend. * * * I think you will scarcely be able to read the above, but what comes after shall be plainer if possible. I am your sincere and most affectionate friend,

"S. BROSTER."

Last Memorandum.

"I learn that on the 12th of December, 1836, my dearest friend, Mrs. Downes, departed this life: it is a painful dispensation to

her friends, but a blessed one for her. Jesus had been all in all to her in life, and so he was in death; cheering her soul with a consciousness of his pardoning love, and the purifying influence of his Spirit. Through redeeming love she was prepared for her flight to behold Him who died for her. She had served Him for many years, and had been made a special blessing to many, and particularly to me, when I was first inclined to forsake the broad way. That same Jesus, whom she loved and served, became my all-sufficient Saviour; and He now comforts me with a good hope that I also shall be led safely through the wilderness, and that after awhile she will, as she said, 'Bid me welcome to the skies,' and then we shall unite in praising the Triune Jehovah, and so we shall be ever with the Lord. Glory and praise be unto his Name for ever and ever. So, though my my heart is troubled, I can say, 'Thy will be done.'

"S. B."

Little can be added to describe the character of her experience during the days of the lat-

Miss Broster was a fine example of *consistency of conduct*, never placing herself in a doubtful position, but with unflinching firmness, and great modesty, professing Christ among her associates. These were persons of all ranks; some of the nobility, the gentry and clergy, were occasionally inmates with the family, and they saw the strength of her christian principle in her conversation. In her dress she was very simple: there was nothing of *studied plainness* about it, but it was entirely *without ornament*. This she believed to be scriptural, and she felt it to be profitable to her spirit: the impression upon an observer would have been, that the subject of dress did not occupy her thoughts many minutes of the day. She had thus more opportunity for engaging in those works of benevolence and piety, in which she greatly delighted, especially in visiting the sick, upon some of whom I had the opportunity of knowing, she was a kind and frequent attendant.

Miss B. was also a consistent *Wesleyan Methodist*. She did not conceal her connection with that section of the christian church, even amongst those with whom this would

be no recommendation, and who would, perhaps, think such an association was anything but honourable. She felt that she had no reason to be ashamed of it, and she placed no value upon the false estimate of those, who knew it only from caricatured representations, or through the prejudice of a mind yet unenlightened by the spirit of God. During the season in which violent attempts were made to agitate this section of the church of Christ, and revolutionize its system of government, Miss Broster felt acutely, and while she firmly adhered to its doctrines and discipline, with great consistency prayed for its peace and prosperity. She saw great wisdom in its constitution, and rejoiced in its efficiency to go forth and do a still greater work in the earth; she believed that men, signally wise and holy, had been raised up and prepared to enter into plans, which by special providential openings were placed before them;—a century had nearly rolled away since God had eminently endowed, and sent forth the first instruments, and during this time it had been increasing in excellence and usefulness. Any great change, therefore, in what had

ter part of Miss Broster's pilgrimage. She felt the infirmities of age unattended by their frequent accompaniments. Her cheerfulness seemed to be unabated, and those who had the privilege of associating with her, viewed with most affectionate delight, the fine exemplification of experimental christianity which she continued to give; it was indeed "light at eventide," and more beautiful and impressive than the brilliance of the morning. There was this saddening reflection, that the sun was declining, and would soon set. The sorrow was confined to those who were to be deprived of her inspiring example and most affectionate sympathies;—*she* drew near to the object of her intense desire, and the few bonds which made her feel her connection with earth, seemed to break, as she beheld the final object of which she had been so long in pursuit. I was favoured with a short interview with her towards the close of her life, and felt my impression of her excellence strengthened. I hoped for other opportunities of delightful communion with her—for then I should not have calculated that her days were so few—but the privilege returned

no more. I therefore am indebted to her endeared relatives, who watched her to the last, for the account of the close of her life.

I would briefly say, that the general impression made upon my mind in reference to Miss B's religious character, is, its *uniform consistency*. She saw an object before her, and, convinced of the infinite importance of it, she zealously and perseveringly pressed towards it. She believed the promises: her faith was not mere sentiment, but *trust* in Him who promised; and though, as is seen in her own expressions, she was deeply abased before God on account of short-comings, she diligently sought, and rejoiced in the possession of promised blessings. Abundant evidence has been given of the uniform strength of her faith; never once was her confidence in the great atonement overthrown; she was variously exercised from without, as well as from her great spiritual foe, but she was on a rock, and felt it to be immoveable. The effects of this are visible,—her *love to God* was supreme, and her *hope of glory* lively and stedfast.

of her last days was that of placidity—the exemplification of a most delightful and sanctified peace, in good keeping with her former experience. Her friends would have had no painful anxiety about her safety, if no expression of her feelings had been permitted to be given, or if death had suddenly terminated her course. Her loins were girt and her light burning. The following letters are from one who held a first place in her affections; her very devoted nephew, Mr. John Broster, to whom reference has been made in Miss B.'s correspondence.

To Mrs. Bowers,—Chester.

“March 29th, 1837.—

MY DEAR SIR,

“* * My dear aunt, having just received a letter from Miss Gilbert, has requested me to write and tell you how exceedingly ill she is. She was attacked with inflammation in the left side, and though that is very materially relieved, the prostration of strength which has succeeded leaves us very little hope that she will recover; and, indeed, seeing her

suffering so much, we have almost ceased to desire her life, believing she is ready to obey the summons, and desirous, in submission to her Lord's will, 'to be with Christ.' My brother says there is disease of the heart as well as of the liver. She has been confined to her bed three weeks, takes nothing better than tea or coffee, and frequently only a little water through nearly the whole day; the oppression of her breath is very distressing. I have heard her heart beat across the room. But I will turn from the perishing body to the immortal soul, knowing that will be most interesting to you. To a friend who called, and whom she was unable to see, she sent a kind message saying, 'tell him I am too much exhausted to see him, but that, though my mind cannot dwell long on any subject still I feel God is ever present with me, and he comforts me and fulfils his promise which he made to me many years ago, *'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.'* When a little revived she said, this promise is applied to me, 'Fear not, thou worm—Jacob,' though he calls me a worm, he adds *Jacob* to it. The next day she was pleased in being able to

received so strikingly the seal of divine approbation ought, she conceived, to have been demanded by some signal interposition of providence—to have been originated, and matured by minds characterized by more than ordinary piety and prudence; and to have been carried out with much prayer and calm deliberation. In a conversation with her on this subject, I learned how greatly she was pained at the occasion which had been given to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme; she believed, nevertheless, that this evil would be overruled by the head of the church, for the benefit of the cause which it was designed to injure, and she lived to rejoice in the manifestation of it. Miss B. delighted greatly in those means which were presented to her of communion with her fellow christians, as well as the public ministry of the word. At love-feasts, she was usually one of the first who bore testimony to the grace of God; she made a resolution soon after she became decided, in consequence of some mental conflict which she had felt, that she would, as soon as an opportunity offered, declare the loving-kindness of her Saviour: this I believe she uniformly did,

and in a calm, and very interesting manner.— There may have been something in the natural firmness of her mind, which contributed to this ease of manner, in circumstances somewhat exciting. I find an account of deliverance from danger recorded by herself, which, while it manifests the goodness of God, and stimulated her to praise Him, shows also, her characteristic, mental calmness and energy. “Whilst in the country, the servant brought in a parcel from Chester, and said, the paper was broken; I sat down and bid her put it on my lap, it being too dark to discern what it was, I desired her to light a candle; whilst she held it with the cotton-wick blazing, I perceived it was three pounds of gunpowder. I providentially drew my apron over it, saying, quietly, ‘gunpowder!’ and thus I, my mother and the servant, escaped instant death.” This circumstance transpired in the earlier part of her life.

I will not detain the reader’s attention from the account of Miss Broster’s last illness and death; and will leave the unvarnished account to produce its own impression, if that impression be not good, it would be vain in me to attempt to make it so. The character

repeat her favourite hymn; a paraphrase on the cxxi. Psalm :

“To the hills I lift mine eyes
The everlasting hills;
Streaming thence in fresh supplies,
My soul the spirit feels :
Will he not his help afford?
Help, while yet I ask is given ;
God comes down ; the God and Lord
That made both earth and heaven.”

Being in much pain and greatly exhausted she said—‘ I wish to wait the Lord’s time, but when He comes, it will be a joyful release to me.’ To her doctor she said—‘ What a mercy that I had peace with God before this illness came; I have found the pearl of great price—more precious than rubies or all that the eye ever saw, or the ear hath heard of.’ Having spoken to a friend on the value of religion, and urged its necessity, she said ‘ Well, now I think my work is done.’ afterwards being very faint, she exclaimed, ‘ I did hope my Jesus would have called me before this.’ She never utters a murmur; her will seems lost in submission to that of her Heavenly Father’s * * * She commissions me to

give her dearest, grateful love to Mr. and Mrs. Bowers, and says, 'I can scarcely tell how graciously my Lord fulfils his promises to me. I expect very soon to wave the palm of victory over the last enemy—over sin, death and the grave! My love to Dorinda and her mother. I hope to meet all my Chester friends again in heaven'.

Believe me, dear Sir, affectionately your's,
J. BROSTER."

"*East' Cowes.*"

"*March 29th, 1837.*—

"MY DEAR SIR,

"As I know you feel great interest in all that relates to my ever dear aunt, I think I shall do as you would wish in concluding the little record of her last hours. Yes, dear sir, my most kind and affectionate relative, and your esteemed friend has finished her course, and is now a *glorified* saint. For the last few days she was able to speak only with great exertion, and we could not understand all that she said. On the 24th, she said to me, "the presence of Jesus for the last two days, has

been most graciously with me; and He comforts me, and enables me to submit my will *entirely* to His."—To a friend, she wrote, as it was so difficult to speak; "The valley is long, but it is the road to Canaan! I long to sing the triumphant song of redeeming love, with the company in Heaven." The next day she said, "the journey is tedious, but Jesus keeps me from murmuring; He loves me." *This* expression she frequently repeated; sometimes adding, "I *know* my Jesus loves me."

The two succeeding days were spent in very severe pain and restlessness. She had not ten minutes repose night or day, but not a cloud seemed to dim the view of her Saviour, or disturb her peace, as a word, occasionally uttered, told us. After even a worse night, it was evident on the morning of the 28th, that her end was drawing nigh. I said, "Is the pain very great, aunt?" she answered, "Oh, child, it is *death*." Do you feel your soul is safe? "O yes, *quite* safe—Jesus"—and she could say no more to be understood. Shortly after she said, "Come, come," and after a pause, "Delightful!" Weak as she was, she slowly lifted up both her hands and joined them

together above her head, as if waving the palm of victory, through the blood of the Lamb. The feeling it produced in those around her is not to be described. She spoke a few words afterwards, and in about an hour, without a struggle, her soul took its flight to the realms of endless bliss. She died, surrounded by her own people, as we have all become members of the Wesleyan Society * * * *

“I am, dear Sir, your’s affectionately,

“J. BROSTER.”

The subjoined sketch is from Mrs. Pinhorn, one of her highly esteemed friends in Cowes:—

“It was in June, 1834, that I first met with Miss Broster; at that time I was a visitor at West-Cowes, and she had arrived at East-Cowes only a few weeks earlier. I occupied the same pew with her in the chapel, and I soon perceived that she was a spiritual worshipper. We were introduced to each other at the close of the service by a mutual friend, and I was much interested by the affability and christian courtesy of her manner. I gladly availed myself of walking with her to the ferry, and thus commenced a friendship which fre-

quent succeeding interviews greatly strengthened. From the period of my return to the island as a resident, I invariably found Miss B. a tender, faithful friend, and a judicious counsellor; nor do I remember one instance in which I did not feel encouraged and humbled after intercourse with her; her whole deportment evinced that she walked with God, and her very countenance manifested the peace which kept her heart and mind through Christ Jesus. The Scriptures, for many years prior to her conversion, had been her daily study, so that her mind was richly stored with its sacred truths; and out of this treasury she frequently dispensed comfort and instruction to the children of God; while she never withheld from her friends the advice which they frequently sought of her; it was her practice to present their case in earnest prayer, before the throne of grace. The sea-shore was her favourite retreat; here she loved to think of Jesus, and here He graciously revealed Himself to his disciple. In one of these walks she was joined by a young friend, who was then thinking of entering on the work of the ministry; this formed the subject of their conversation, and I have

since heard him say, that it was one of the most profitable hours he had ever spent. Out of the fulness of her heart she spoke of the deep things of God, of the duties devolving upon, and the privileges to be enjoyed by, the children of the Most High. "She then," he observed, "set before me the responsibilities and encouragements of a faithful minister, and with a force I can never forget, pressed upon me the importance of preaching "the whole Gospel; the Gospel in all its purity, simplicity, and fulness, 'this, this,' she added, 'is the power of God unto salvation.'" She then commended me in a most impressive manner, to the care, assistance, and blessing of the Triune God, whose presence we felt: we returned with our spiritual strength renewed.

The afflicted and destitute were objects of her assiduous attention; and while she *went about* doing good, she was not unmindful of the claims of her household, for whose salvation she felt herself in a measure responsible. I have been deeply interested by the gratitude evinced by her, as she witnessed the operation of the Holy Spirit upon the hearts of her rela-

tions or domestics; it was only a few months before the decease of our dear friend, that her heart was rejoiced in the knowledge of the fact that several of her nieces, and her beloved nephew and his wife, as well as one of the servants, had chosen God for their portion, and become consistent members of the church of Christ; and since her death, another of the servants gratefully acknowledges that her residence in the family was the means of leading her to seek the salvation of her soul.

Miss Broster much enjoyed the services of the sanctuary of the Lord, and while the God of ordinances condescended to commune with her spirit, she was accustomed to plead that all around her might partake of the same blessedness. She esteemed the ministers of the Gospel very highly, for their work's sake; and, if at any time the service was conducted by a local preacher, she would invariably endeavour, by a word of encouragement, to give him proof of her christian regard. I have heard her say, "Well, whoever preaches, God takes care to feed my soul." She went from her closet in the spirit of prayer and expectation, and returned glorifying God for his word of

truth and mercy. In the summer of 1836, I had the gratification of introducing Miss Broster to Mr. R. Wallbridge, an aged local preacher, and brother to the late truly excellent and far-famed Dairyman's Daughter; they met as fellow pilgrims to the heavenly Canaan, and it was deeply interesting to hear them recount the gracious dealings of their Heavenly Father. She was suffering under much debility, and Mr. W. was afflicted with a cancer in his face. They spoke of the *faithfulness* and love of God their Saviour, the consolations of the promised comforter and of Heaven as their home, and thus stimulated each other by faith, a hope to press towards the glorious prize. Little did we think that their race was so nearly finished, or that they would, so nearly together, enter into the joy of their Lord—they died in the same month. Miss Broster's friends began to perceive indications of unusual weakness, and of which she was herself sensible, and with joyful anticipations welcomed this fresh indication of the dissolution of her earthly tabernacle. The illness and death of her much-loved friend, Mrs. Downs, had an evident effect upon her weak frame; on receiving the intelligence, she said

to her nephew, "I shall soon follow; another tie to earth is loosened? I have outlived nearly all my old Christian friends, but we shall meet above" On the following day she paid me one of her kind visits, and, as she put Mrs. Roberts' letter into my hand, said, "Well, Love! Heaven seems now nearer and more dear to me; but not merely because my friend is there; no, no! but because *there* is the God of my friend." At each succeeding visit it was evident she was maturing for glory; I spent the afternoon with her two days before she was confined to her room; "The Great Teacher" lay on the table, and referring to it, she said, "The Lord has made this a sweet portion to my soul. Ah! the name and character of Jesus is increasingly precious to me."—My own health prevented me from seeing her until a fortnight previous to her decease; as I approached her bed, she smiled, and putting out her hand, said, "My Love! all is well. Peace, peace! The work is finished. I am only waiting my summons. Jesus is with me and comforts me." At her request, I prayed with her, and, as we knelt around her bed, it was the most hallowed season I had ever witnessed.

By her desire her nieces sang the hymn beginning with

“Jesu, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly.”

She then spoke of the comfort she had felt that morning from what she used to call *her* chapter—the 43rd of Isaiah. As her strength would admit, she spoke of the eternal weight of glory prepared for the ransomed of the Lord: she exhorted me to follow the Lord fully, and then with a countenance beaming with holy joy; she added—“Oh! to sit down for ever at the marriage supper of the Lamb!” I was privileged to see her again on the morning of Good-Friday, four days previous to her decease; I could perceive that a great change had taken place, she appeared to be sinking fast, but there was the same sweet peace; her soul was reposing on Jesus. She was unable to speak above a whisper, but she again repeated, “All is well. I shall soon wave the palm of victory!” She alluded to the day, as commemorative of the sufferings of her Saviour, and endeavoured to add more, but was inter-

rupted by frequent faintings ; at length, looking at her niece with her usual smile, she made her understand that she wished for a pencil and paper, with which she, with great difficulty, wrote as follows:—" *The valley is long, but it leads to Canaan; I should like to join the triumphant in the sweet song of redeeming love in Heaven this day.*" This she presented to me as her dying testimony ; it was my last interview with her ; but, trusting in the same great atoning sacrifice, I hope, ere long, to meet my justly esteemed friend,

" When linked in Heaven's unfading, deathless chain,
Our souls shall live, and never part again."

Thus calmly and triumphantly terminated a course of uniform piety, and jealous devotedness to God ; furnishing another valuable testimony to the importance and blessedness of a close walk with God. The writer only adds the expression of his sincere desire, that this record of the grace of our Lord Jesus, manifested in a holy life, and in a more than peaceful end, may stimulate the reader *so* to follow Christ, and live and die a witness of the efficacy of the blood which "cleanseth from all sin."

The following inscription, on a monumental tablet in the chapel at Chester, records the estimate, which her old and valued friends in that city, formed of Miss B's christian character.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
SARAH BROSTER,
late of this City,
Who exemplified the power of religion
For a period of twenty-five Years,
rejoicing in its blessings, and
exhibiting its fruits.
In the office of a Class Leader
She was faithful;
instant in season, and out of season,
She went about doing good.
Her end was Peace.
She died MARCH 28th, 1837,
Aged 66 Years.

T. Stanley, Printer, 17, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn.

